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THE VIETNAM PROTEST

Wilson C. McWilliams & Dennis Hale

TREMORS IN BOLIVIA

Jordan Bishop

THE PAUNCHY REVOLUTION

Matthew Mestrovic

COLD WAR FICTION

Bruce Cook

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NEWS & VIEWS

In last week's *Our Sunday Visitor*, the resident "Question Box" man, Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S., fielded a representative batch of pressing questions, such as "How poor must one be to practice rhythm?" "What is the consensus of moralists on modern dancing?" and "May I have my face lifted?"

Under the question that caught our eye, the Rev. Herbst had to deal with a rumor that a priest-teacher at the local Catholic high school had ignored a woman's letter protesting school policy. Cutting to the core of the issue, Father Herbst suggested that perhaps the woman failed to go about her letter-writing task the right way. "Ah! the emerging layman," he wrote. "Everywhere he (or she) is becoming vocal. But look out for rumors. Perhaps (the priest) did not reply to the letter because there was no stamped, self-addressed envelope enclosed, plus a few stamps for the time needed to reply . . ."

Exactly. And besides she probably forgot to send him a letter-opener in advance.

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One of the first pastors to respond to the *Constitution on the Church's* call for a voice for laymen in the affairs of the Church is Msgr. William L. Newton of St. Mary's Church, Elyria, Ohio. Monsignor Newton has set up a parish senate. Voting members include the assistant priests, representatives of the grade school and the two CCD units, and heads of parish organizations. The first chairman is Don Nicodemus, a lay theologian hired by the parish last summer. Monsignor Newton retains the right to modify or suspend decisions of the senate.

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"From the point of view of the institution of the family, and even more from that of the authority of the Church, the question of birth control became the live issue of these years. It was the opinion of many of the older people consulted that birth control was being practiced by the younger members of their families and their neighbors' families. . . . The young married persons interviewed all reflected a conflict on the question. . . . Although they were unanimous in maintaining church observances and in taking parochial school education for granted, their attitude toward the Church became less respectful when the question of family limitation was at stake. . . . It had become a matter of serious concern to the priests."
— Caroline Ware, in *Greenwich Village: 1920-1930*, published in 1935.

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On November 1, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was reported as saying that anti-Vietnam demonstrators were "for the most part . . . neither morally, mentally nor emotionally mature." On Sunday, November 21, "The FBI" TV series presented an episode about a fanatical pacifist who "attempts to draw the world's attention to peace by blowing up a Thor missile." The episode was "filmed in cooperation with J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation." We wonder what the public reaction would have been if ABC presented a program, "Filmed in cooperation with A. J. Muste and with the War-Resisters' League," about a demented FBI agent—say, one crazy enough to try to draw the world's attention to Communism by claiming that the Dominican Republic's revolution had been taken over by Reds.

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Catholics are more likely to date and marry persons outside their faith than Protestants or Jews are, according to a survey undertaken by the American Jewish Congress at "a ranking Eastern university." A total of 389 students were interviewed; 74 percent of the Catholics said they frequently date persons of other religions, compared with 60 percent of Protestant students and 33 percent of Jewish students. Did the students consider it likely that they would marry outside their religion? Affirmative answers came from 66 percent of the Catholics, 48 percent of the Protestants and 15 percent of the Jews.

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Cardinal Heenan of England, speaking at the Vatican Council of the shortage of priests in Latin America and the underdeveloped world:

"It is said that in some places the faithful are left without pastors while perfectly healthy priests in monasteries and religious houses resolutely refuse to come to the aid of the bishops. They quote the constitution of the order as the reason why they cannot undertake pastoral work. . . . I do not know if the stories told about the monks are true. But I do know this for certain—in the world of today, while the shortage of priests persists, all monks and friars (with the exception of enclosed contemplatives) ought to be ready to take up pastoral work of any kind."

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There is nothing new in a story about how certain documents of the Vatican Council have mysteriously been lost, delayed, altered, or otherwise caught up in the traditional gears of Roman diplomacy. What is new—steady now!—is that this has finally happened to a *conservative* document. Father Ralph Wiltgen, the energetic Divine Word priest who reports for Divine Word News Service, relates the story of how 450 separate Council interventions in behalf of an explicit condemnation of Communism were held back from the relevant commission by one Msgr. Achille Glorieux, secretary to the Mixed Commission which handled the schema on the Church and the Modern World. Father Wiltgen, whose sleuthing tracked down the villain, thought the villainy "may well go down in history as the greatest scandal to mar the serious deliberations" of the Council. Well, perhaps. *We* however, would rank it as the 96th greatest scandal, the previous 95 having touched on substantial matters.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Young Priests

Edmund, Okla.

To The Editors: In "Applied Collegiality," your editorial of November 12, you raise the important question about the status and life of assistant priests in the Church today. The bleak future facing young priests in the larger, older, and urban dioceses seems to me to be more crucial than many are willing to admit. Surely there are several possible solutions that might be good for the priesthood and for the Church's mission. My own deepest desire is for a solution that rests on a radical new approach to parish life and structures.

But, till then could we not try this solution. Rather than appoint a life-long pastor and then assign assistants to him as the years go on, appoint a team of priests to a parish. Let the team elect their own leader for a year. Each year the team leader is up for election. To me, the simple structural change would immediately insure authentic team work, equality in dignity, greatest opportunity for maximum use of personal talent, elimination of all false status, flexibility in pastoral approach. It would force the priests to think of themselves not as "helpers and the boss", but as collaborators in the mission of Christ. This could only achieve its maximum success when and if the team operated from faith, prayer, dialogue and love. Has this been done anywhere in the States? Did it work?

(REV.) WM. NERIN
(a possibly dethroned pastor)

"The Secular City"

Philadelphia, Pa.

To The Editors: I would like to comment on the "Secular City" exchange, [November 12]. Aside from Father Greeley's heavy-handed attempt to dismiss the whole subject as not really being worth it all, the writers are not that far apart in their ideas. Father Greeley's objections amount to a state-

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THE NEED FOR POLITICS

Americans have always prided themselves on being supremely political. Even in our cynical humor about politicians there lies the assumption that, dirty or clean, politics are an American game. And behind that assumption lies another: that belief-systems really do count in themselves; that they are not merely epiphenomenal, as the orthodox Marxists would have it, strictly dependent on economic status or property relations. Thus debate and persuasion are important. The politician takes seriously the stated hopes and desires of those he wishes to please. He either attempts to modify them through argument or satisfy them through agreement and action. He does not assume that they can be automatically manipulated by upping the economy a notch or reforming agriculture. To succeed, even such programs must be conceptually related to the hopes of those they are meant to serve.

The orthodox Marxists, in fact, have known this very well. Instead of absorbing politics into economics, as one might have expected, the Marxist states politicize all aspects of life—to an extent that frightens the Westerner. Strangely enough, America has moved in the opposite direction. Especially in foreign affairs, it has abandoned politics for economics. To a surprising extent, we have decided that the peoples of the world will almost automatically opt for freedom and democracy if only we can raise enough of them to middle-class economic status. And to achieve the stability to do this, we are willing to pay an enormous price in terms of frustrating or ignoring the political passions of most of the world. Today we consistently underrate the political factor in world events. How and why this has happened is worth examining.

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In part it is a healthy reaction. The U. S. was once naïvely prone to prescribe the Constitution, Bill of Rights and a two-party system as the cure for all the world's ills. The symbol of this ethnocentricity will forever be Wilson at Versailles.

But there are other causes. A half-century of ideological bloodletting has given new meaning to the old phrase, "ideas are dangerous," and encouraged concentration on the more predictable, less explosive, "practical" approaches to a better world. America's own pluralism makes the championing abroad of any but the vaguest political goals (like an unspecified "freedom") apt to offend someone at home. And Americans have been disillusioned by the whimsies of a largely manufactured "world opinion." Mobs burnd American flags in the streets of Jakarta a few months ago; now they scream for Chinese heads. What are we to think?

The U.S. has learned that political visions cannot substitute for pragmatic economic measures. But has it overheard this lesson? Does it now believe that pragmatic economic measures can substitute for political visions? The fact is that most of the world is propelled by such visions, be they Nasser's pan-Arabism, Senghor's African socialism, Sukarno's "Marhaenism," or Frei's "revolution in freedom." Some of these visions are vacuous, some are fraudulent. Nevertheless, they count. To be able to identify and communicate with them is the measure of international *political* success.

Such identification with "the new forces of nationalism," etc., etc., has, of course, been offered often enough as a panacea. It is not. Political visions may come in conflict with military or economic needs, and then choices must be made. It is a matter of weight. In deciding to identify the U.S. with a dictatorial Brazilian regime which we hope will foster economic progress in that nation, how much weight does America give to the Latin American democratic vision it thereby offends? In deciding to boycott Cuba, to intervene in the Dominican Republic, to fight for years in Vietnam, to relentlessly oppose Red China's entry into the U.N., all for purposes of containment, how much weight does America give the "third world" vision which, rightly or wrongly, sees the revolutionary forces in those lands as possessing a certain legitimacy? In estimating the odds for victory in Vietnam, how much weight does America give to the uneven competition between Hanoi's and Saigon's political visions?

The evidence suggests: not much. Compared to money, political factors may be imponderable. They are nonetheless real. America ignores them at great risk.

FR. BERRIGAN—ROUND TWO

We note that Father Thurston N. Davis, S.J., editor-in-chief of *America* magazine, is among the signers of a Freedom House statement supporting the war in Vietnam. Naturally we applaud his decision to take a stand in conscience on this matter. At the same time, we cannot help reflecting on how unlikely it is that he will be pressured, rebuked or transferred, as Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., was after lending his name to several groups protesting the war.

These musings are prompted by an item in the "Comment" section of Father Davis' magazine, dated December 11, which says nothing about Father Berrigan's right to take a conscientious stand on the war, and instead, attempts to discredit the mounting evidence that Father Berrigan and two other Jesuits have been badly handled because of their stand on Vietnam.

America's version of the incident is based heavily on remarks by Father James P. Cotter, S.J., Father Berrigan's superior at Jesuit Missions in New York City. These remarks, carried by NC News Service, must be analyzed carefully. Father Cotter is quoted as saying 1) this is "a huge tempest in a teapot" 2) that the decision to send Father Berrigan to Latin America for two months was his alone 3) that Father Berrigan has not been silenced or removed from the staff of *Jesuit Missions* magazine 4) that Father Berrigan is "absolutely free" to continue his pacifist activities, and 5) that he (Father Cotter) knew nothing about Father Berrigan's work with Clergy Concerned About Vietnam.

Forgetting about points 1) and 5), which are irrelevant observations, we are confronted with three perfectly true but carefully limited statements about the Berrigan transfer. It is true that the assignment to Latin America was wholly Father Cotter's doing. What he neglects to add is that it came after the provincial ordered him to get Father Berrigan out of the country. What shading this added fact lends to Father Cotter's statements depends on whether one thinks of truth as the technical avoidance of explicit falsehood, or whether one insists that it adequately convey the situation.

The points which Father Cotter made in the NC dispatch were technical truths. His second batch of statements, given to *America* magazine after the controversy had reached full bloom, seem something else again. Here he is in deeper water, denying that there was a phone call to him from the Jesuit Provincial, Very Rev. John J. McGinty and denying any "staggering" alternatives offered to Father Berrigan, of which the least punitive was to leave the country right away.

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We are satisfied, after a good deal of investigation and cross-checking, that there was such a phone call and that alternatives were mentioned which could fairly be described as "staggering."

Father Cotter does not stand—or fall—alone. Father Yanitelli, president of St. Peter's College, for instance, announced that "Father (Francis) Keating is not involved at all" in an order restricting activities in the peace movement. Since then, however, Father Keating has admitted he was placed under restrictions, thus prompting even Father McGinty (after ignoring 12 phone calls and one telegram from the *National Catholic Reporter*) to make a statement to *America* admitting "my directive to these two Fathers"—Father Keating and Father Daniel Kilfoyle.

Father Mc Ginty himself has been caught as well as Father Yanitelli. On November 22 he was quoted in the New York *Times* as denying that an order "similar" to the one given Father Berrigan had been given Father Kilfoyle. In the December 11 *America* he admits that an order had indeed been given Father Kilfoyle as well as Father Keating. (We may, however, be dealing with another technical truth, a mental reservation over the word "similar" in the November 22 *Times.*) Another unresolved conflict in testimony: Father Keating was quoted in the *Reporter* as saying that "We were given to understand (from Father McGinty) that the main concern comes from ecclesiastical authorities in New York." Yet Father McGinty told *America* that "The New York Chancery office is not responsible for my directive to these two Fathers."

Has *America* joined Fathers Cotter, McGinty and Yanitelli in taking evasive action? Well, only in a sense; only by leaving crucial questions unasked and unanswered, only by scrupulous fairness in quoting other people's evasions. A cool job.

FRAPPING DE GAULLE

43.96% lacks the grandeur of Ivory soap's unimpeachable 99.44/100%. Nor is it a particularly "frank and massive" figure when the alternative is chaos, as General de Gaulle intoned on TV at the beginning of the campaign. Or maybe the French voter wants a little chaos. In any case, he has made use of his own *force de frappe;* and 43.96%, the General's share of the vote in France's first popular presidential election since 1848, has a healthy democratic ring to it that many had despaired of ever hearing in France during de Gaulle's lifetime.

Now that de Gaulle faces the indignity of a runoff with Francois Mitterrand, candidate of the French left, the rest of the world can contemplate at ease the consequences of grandeur gone sour. It is not particularly edifying; witness post-Imperial Britain. It will not necessarily prove instructive, if we know our Washington policy-makers. But nonetheless, from almost every point of view, the results of the French election are welcome.

For Americans, who suffer none too gracefully the General's independent course in NATO, his scorn of our Southeast Asia policy, his flirtation with China, his bullying role in the Common Market, it is gratifying to know that it was largely on these points that de Gaulle lost 15.78% of the vote to Jean Lecanuet, the center candidate.

Yet de Gaulle's foreign policy differences with the U.S. do serve a useful purpose. The candor and mutual regard in Anglo-American relations that once allowed Britain to speak with an independent voice in the Alliance is a casualty of Britian's monetary crisis. In this context, the rebuff to de Gaulle was selective on the issues and measured in degree.

For France, the election marked an awakening after seven years of political slumber. The authoritarianism of Gaullist rule, which virtually excluded the French left-of-center from participation in the country's affairs, had been leading to a dangerous polarization, of which the slumber could well have been the prelude to the storm. 1958, when France was on the brink of civil war, is not so distant. But with a dissenting vote of 53%, France has shown herself capable, in an orderly way, of imagining survival without de Gaulle at the helm. The black and white of de Gaulle or chaos has blended into the gray of democratic politics. When the General eventually turns control over to his successor, it will be that much less likely the signal for a massive, paralyzing stalemate. The 1965 election, by any reckoning, is a good start.

TOWARD UNITY

The form which the ardently desired reunion of the Christian churches will take in response to Christ's wish that "all may be one" is difficult to conceive at present. Only by relying on the guidance of the Holy Spirit can Catholics, Protestants and Orthodox achieve such union. Our dependence on the Spirit in this endeavor implies the need for prayer, for the common prayer of all Christians who yearn to be truly one. Many spokesmen for reunion believe that prayers together for God's guidance supply the appropriate starting point.

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Pope Paul himself unmistakably set the example, when on December 4 he took a leading part in the first interdenominational Christian service ever attended by a Pope. The service at which many Catholic bishops assisted, along with Orthodox and Protestant observers at the Council, was held at the historic Roman basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls. The Pope himself delivered the homily, while Orthodox, Protestant and Catholic clergymen took turns in giving scriptural readings or in leading the congregation in litanies and prayers for unity, with Benedictine monks serving as choir. It was a more than fitting substitute for the special papal audiences for the observers which have taken place at the conclusion of the earlier sessions of the Vatican Council.

Next day it was announced that simultaneous declarations from Istanbul and Rome would nullify the reciprocal anathemas decreed by Pope and Orthodox Patriarch nine hundred years ago. This step follows up Pope Paul's ecumenical visit with Patriarch Athenagoras in the Holy Land a year ago. Before Pope John it would have been hard to imagine such sweeping changes. But, as the non-Catholic observers proclaimed in a message evoking the most prolonged applause from the Council Fathers, the churches of Christ intend to remain united in friendship and prayer from now on.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

IN-FIGHTING AMONG THE OUTS

The Republican Party may have the appearance of a corpse, but lively battles are being waged around the nation for its possession.

The most important of these contests is underway in California. At the moment, Richard M. Nixon, the nation's best-known ex-Californian, is the choice of the party's conservatives for the 1968 presidential nomination, but his shadow candidacy is only a holding operation. He is occupying the vacuum created by Barry Goldwater's abdication of party leadership. In their hearts, the conservatives really prefer actor Ronald Reagan. If he can be elected governor of California next year, he will quickly emerge as Goldwater's heir and the right-wing choice for 1968.

Reagan, who will announce his formal candidacy for governor early next month, has been campaigning without let-up for months and is far ahead in the race for the nomination. He is first on all counts: he is the best-known, leads in the polls, has a statewide organization already in formation, and has the most dedicated following. If the Republican primary were held now, all observers agree that he would win easily.

But he has two major weaknesses which party moderates are beginning to exploit. He is the one Republican whose candidacy would be certain to unite the bickering, faction-ridden Democrats. Like Goldwater, he arouses intense enthusiasm among convinced conservatives but he alienates the independents and moderates. Secondly, he also has Goldwater's propensity for foot-in-the-mouth remarks. Spencer-Roberts, the public relations firm that is managing his campaign, avoids exposing him at press conferences and television programs of the "Meet the Press" type. But if an opponent could force him into a debate or a joint appearance before the same audience, he might be able to expose Reagan's weaknesses.

The Republican moderates in California now appear to be gravitating toward Robert Monagan, the leader of the GOP minority in the state Assembly, as their candidate. Their first choice was U.S. Senator Thomas Kuchel, but he refused to run. Monagan, 45, a real-estate broker from northern California, took no part in the 1964 Goldwater-Rockefeller presidential primary fight that tore the party apart, but he is now being actively backed by those who were lined up with Rockefeller. He is not as handsome or glamorous as Reagan (or as John Lindsay, the photogenic new mayor of New York), but he is a solidly-built six-footer who makes a good speech and has good platform presence. More important, his work in the legislature has given him detailed knowledge of the state budget and state problems. He is strongest where Reagan is weakest.

Another, better-known moderate Republican is already in the contest—George Christopher, the former mayor of San Francisco. But he was defeated when he ran statewide for lieutenant-governor three years ago, and most politicians doubt that he has the personal strength to defeat Reagan. If Monagan's candidacy gathers force, Christopher may withdraw in his favor. Another possibility is John McCone, who was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission under Eisenhower, head of the Central Intelligence Agency under Kennedy, and has just served as chairman of Governor Brown's task force to investigate last summer's riots in

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Watts. McCone is a respected figure who has a foot in both camps; his record is so impeccably orthodox that it would be hard for even the most zealous Birchite to picture him as a radical, and because he has steered clear of any kind of Birchite fanaticism, he would be acceptable to the moderates. But McCone has never run for elective office and, at 63, he is reluctant to begin.

Three major newspaper dynasties once dominated California Republican politics: the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Oakland *Tribune*, and the Los Angeles *Times*. But they are now badly divided. The *Chronicle* is firmly anti-Reagan and can be expected to help boom Monagan. The *Tribune*, now run by ex-U.S. Senator William Knowland, remains loyal to the Goldwater cause (Knowland chaired the Goldwater delegation at the 1964 convention) and will support Reagan. Otis Chandler, the new young publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, has set his paper on a less conservative editorial course than did Norman Chandler, his father. But his very desire to steer toward the middle-of-the-road has diminished the paper as a political instrument in the GOP's internal skirmishing. The *Times* endorsed Rockefeller shortly before the 1964 primary but it never went "all out" for him; it is expected to give the moderates the same kind of low-keyed support in the coming gubernatorial campaign.

Reagan's bid for the governorship and potentially for national leadership of the Republican Party makes the California election prospectively the most exciting in 1966, but other states have contests that could prove significant. In Oregon, Governor Mark Hatfield, who is forbidden by the state constitution from running for a third term for governor, will be his party's candidate for the U.S. Senate. Mrs. Maurine Neuberger, the incumbent Democrat, is retiring. Her probable successor on the Democratic side is Representative Edith Green who, unlike most lady legislators, is highly regarded in the House for her mastery of the intricacies of legislation and her effective work in committee. She would run Gov. Hatfield a stiff race. If an eastern moderate had won the Republican presidential nomination last time, Hatfield would quite likely have been chosen as his running mate. He was selected as keynote speaker with this in mind, but that assignment, which is coming to be something of a jinx, did his national aspirations no good. His speech was too cautious to please either the Goldwaterites or their enemies. But Hatfield has been an impressive vote-getter in Oregon and made a good record as governor; he is treasured by the party's progressive faction as one of its few live political comers.

In Texas, the Goldwaterites are running one of *their* bright young men, 40-year-old John Tower who won the Senate seat vacated by Lyndon Johnson in 1961 and is now a candidate for re-election. If the Democrats were to unite behind a single candidate, such as Congressman Jim Wright, they have such a preponderance of strength that he would be almost certain to defeat Tower. But the Texas Democrats are actually a congeries of parties, riven by personal suspicions and ideological hatreds. Let no one underestimate their capacity to lose to Tower a second time.

Rockefeller or Javits?

In New York, a power struggle of another kind is underway inside the GOP. Indeed, if the Republicans were not almost Japanese in their public self-discipline, their feuding would rival the Mets baseball team as local entertainment. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who has changed over the last six years from a white hope to a white elephant, is running badly in the public opinion polls. He likes politics and wants to win a third term if only to stay in the swim of things. But many party professionals want to drop him because he looks like a loser. Their preferred candidate is U.S. Senator Jacob E. Javits who, although 61, has the energies and vaulting ambitions of a man 40. Javits would be glad to trade his prestigious but rather powerless office as a minority party Senator in order to be chief executive of New York state. But he is not Japanese enough to want to commit hari-kari. He will buck Rockefeller only if he is sure he can carry it off successfully. The key man is Mayor-elect Lindsay whose new command post at City Hall will give him the patronage power to maneuver nearly one-half of the delegates to the next state convention. In alliance with upstate dissidents, these Lindsay-controlled delegates could overthrow Rockefeller, although it would be bloody and bitter—at least in private. For the present, Lindsay is letting both Rockefeller and Javits sweat it out while he calculates which course would better serve his own interests.

If Reagan and Tower are defeated while Hatfield and Javits (or Rockefeller) win, the Goldwaterites would be smashed as a political force and the moderates far advanced toward re-establishing their traditional control of the party. Similarly, if the moderates lose while the Goldwaterites win, the GOP could quite conceivably stage in 1968 a re-run of last year's party disaster. But the voters, in their usual perverse fashion, are likely to scramble the results and provide only uncertain clues for the future. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

THE JEWISH DECLARATION

I am puzzled by the recent criticism of the Vatican Council Declaration on the Jews made by Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church. In a talk at St. Paul, Dr. Blake is reported to have said: "The most disturbing thing to me about the whole discussion has been the assumption so widely held by Christians that it was in the power of the Church—any Church—to absolve Jews from this ancient charge of guilt. Certainly all Christians, if they thought about the matter, would agree that God alone is the Judge of Man, and that any usurpation of His prerogative of judgment is as great a sin as any it would presume to absolve."

Here we have, I think, another dramatic instance of a widespread and serious misunderstanding of what the Vatican Council said in this matter. In point of fact, there is nothing in the Vatican Declaration about "absolving" in any shape or form. The Council does not "forgive" anyone for the Crucifixion—how could it? What the Council did was to confront squarely an evil that goes far back in Christian history—the myth that Jews, all Jews, share with their forebears in the guilt of the Crucifixion and are for this reason an accursed race. Those who hold to this thesis blame "the Jews" exclusively for Christ's death, ignoring the Christian teaching that all of us individually and together are by our sins responsible for Christ's death. Many who believed these tales insisted that the Jews, because of their role in the Crucifixion, were condemned to wander through the world till the end of time—a myth so strong that some Christians feared that the establishment of the state of Israel somehow contradicted the Sacred Scriptures. Indeed, there have been eras in our early history when some Christians even thought they were doing a service to God by killing Jews.

I would emphasize that all this was popular belief—not official Catholic teaching. The teaching of the Church, now newly amplified and emphasized by the Vatican Council, is that the Jewish people were not and are not cast away. The Church deplores efforts to blame all Jews for Christ's death, either those then alive, most of whom did not participate in the events surrounding the Crucifixion, or those alive today. The children of Israel are neither rejected nor cursed by God; on the contrary, they are cherished by Him, and in Catholic thought the Jews will forever be in a special way objects of God's love.

This is official teaching, spelled out by the Council. But we must face the fact that a large gap always existed between official teaching and popular practice. Too many early Christian writers tried to glorify the Church by degrading the synagogue. Too often the Jews were in fact depicted as an accursed people, condemned for the Crucifixion of Jesus and reaping their just punishment in this world. As Father Gregory Baum notes, for too many Christians, Jesus and Mary and His Apostles somehow became "less Jewish" than Judas and those who sent Jesus to His death. The notion that a divine curse rests on Israel is an untrue story, a malevolent legend, but we must admit that it is found in many respectable Christian manuals, commentaries on the Scriptures and popular interpretations of the Bible. Can anyone imagine that Christians would remain untouched and unmoved by such effusions?

In point of fact, we know they did not remain untouched. From the days of Constantine until the French Revolution the Jews were treated as a people set apart. Periodic persecution was the rule—indeed, that 13th century which some Catholics consider the greatest of centuries was for Jews a time of special misery, a time in which they were banished successively from country after country in Christian Europe. Is it any wonder if Jews and Catholics view history through different eyes?

The figure of Hitler looms large in any discussion of Christian-Jewish relations. Under him, six million Jews died in concentration camps and gas chambers in the heart of Christian Europe. How could this come to be? It could happen, I am convinced, for only one reason: the Nazi attack on the Jews was carried out in a climate of opinion prepared by centuries of hostility to the Jewish people. The Nazi disease spread among people fatally weakened by centuries of anti-Semitism, polite anti-Semitism, perhaps, even "religious" anti-Semitism (what an abomination!) but anti-Semitism nonetheless. It is only in this context, I am convinced, that the success of Hitler can be explained.

It was this mentality that the Council strove to deal with. There was no question of "absolution" for the Jews, as Dr. Blake suggests; rather it was a question of laying to rest a malevolent legend that has haunted the history of Christian-Jewish relations for centuries. Nothing can change the past, but for the sake of the future thank God for the Ecumenical Council's Declaration on the Jews.

JAMES O'GARA

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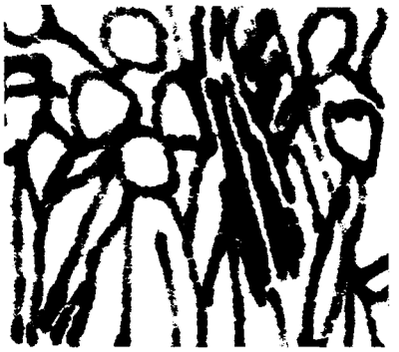

THE VIETNAM PROTEST

Are the liberals listening?

WILSON C. McWILLIAMS & DENNIS HALE

The current wave of demonstrations against the Vietnam conflict has come as a shock to Americans, who have no relevant standard by which to judge them. There was no important peace-movement during the Korean War, and pre-war pacifism collapsed after Pearl Harbor. The movement in the 'twenties and 'thirties rode the crest of the wave and was eminently respectable, and even the peace agitation in World War I appears decorous in contrast to the present. The variety of techniques of protest alone is new; self-immolation and the burning of draft cards make the leaflets of Mr. Schenck, immortalized in the annals of the Supreme Court, look positively bourgeois.

That denunciations should come from the right is no surprise. Moderate and moderate liberal opinion, however, has felt compelled to join the chorus. Accompanying an article—largely favorable—on SDS, *The New York Times Magazine* carried a front-cover photo of a lank, greasy-haired unrespectable standing below an SDS anti-war poster, and James Reston, in more measured tones, suggested that the demonstrators are injuring the cause of peace. Forgotten are the days when the *Times* seemed the citadel of the anti-war movement. Such "betrayals" (and they are so perceived), only serve to heighten the demonstrators' sense of persecution; the excesses of rightists, by a well-known logic, encourage excesses in retaliation.

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The intellectual basis of the current movement contains an impeccably sound core: an analysis of the history of the crisis in Vietnam and the incredible series of blunders, blusters, and fits of blindness that were necessary to produce it. American policy since 1946 has been at fault, whatever our intentions. If many demonstrators are inclined to doubt the intentions, it is only a sign of their intellectualism: rationalists to the core, they are convinced that malevolence is preferable to stupidity as a principle of explanation.

Yet that solid basis of argument collapses almost completely when confronted with the dilemmas of current policy. Asking what we must *do* is only partly assisted by a knowledge of what we *should have done.*

Some, the less sophisticated and more moralistic, approach current policy in terms of a few, dogmatic moral imperatives. A few center on the "unconstitutional" character of the war, echoing Senator Wayne Morse in his demand that the President seek a formal declaration of war against North Vietnam. Yet few of the current protestors are as innocent as the Senator, or capable of his faith that such a declaration would be refused by Congress. Most find a happier solution in the doctrine of "national self-determination": we are fighting in Vietnam, one S.D.S. poster proclaims, "to prevent free elections."

The obvious objection to this argument is a simple one: that it ignores Asia as a whole and gives attention only to Vietnam. It does not consider the atmosphere of a continent where free elections are more the exception than the rule, where national self-determination

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has been denied to North Koreans or to Tibetans, where a pattern of violence has been established which spreads from Kashmir and the Chinese test-sites to Indonesia. Again, the more sophisticated of the demonstrators know as much, nor are they happy with that strange argument, current among some liberals, that "if China is our enemy we should fight her and not the Vietnamese people."

The foundation of the case against the war among the intellectual leaders of the protest movement is the conviction, at once savage and alluring, that peace is possible now. Given that dogma, it follows logically if not rationally, that if the American government denies that peace is possible, it is lying. If it is lying, it must be because it wants war, or at least this war. Yet no sane man can desire a general war, or even the risks of escalation involved in the war in Vietnam. By the iron yet unreal logic of the protest movement, Staughton Lynd's conviction that President Johnson is insane follows inevitably. The movement's urgency is the source of its strengths, but also of its greatest intellectual weakness—*reductio ad absurdum.*

The greatest defect of this line of argument, aside from its silliness, is that it deflects attention from the very important criticism which may be made of government policy. For example, bombing North Vietnam *may* strengthen Soviet influence in Hanoi by making the Ho regime dependent on Soviet military assistance, but it is a very dubious device, likely at best to strengthen Chinese ideological influences in the North. None of the criticisms which have been voiced by the protesters are without point *when they criticize specific policies:* it is only the general framework, composed of rationalism and paranoia, logicality and dogmatism, that makes the comments of the protest movement seem extreme, excessive or naive.

Tactics Assailed

The tactics of the movement have been assailed, however, more often than its argument. The protests have been guided by the myth of direct action, and the employment of the devices dictated by it to the exclusion of others. Direct action is a limited device: it exists to create issues, to break the stranglehold of inattention, to force coverage in the mass media. In this, the movement has been successful, as successful as the movement for civil rights has been.

But direct action cannot *resolve* disputes, or give effect to solutions. That requires a complex process of negotiation and bargaining among organized groups close to the centers of power. The myth of direct action grew out of the Civil Rights movement, but that movement contained a number of powerful groups, suspicious of or hostile to direct action, who were willing to play the "brokerage" role: the NAACP, the Urban League, the Northern Democratic party. No such strata exist in the peace movement. It is more isolated, more embattled, than civil rights groups ever were; it is losing, while they constantly gained, in strength. As a result, it becomes constantly more zealous and devoted, rather than less; increasing stridency is the mark of desperation, the effort to compensate by fervor for the gratifications of success.

Moreover, the movement has failed to understand the effect its actions would have on the community in general. Direct action in the South—and even in the North—in the cause of civil rights was clearly brave, heroic, even noble. The only criticisms that could be offered were either the exhausted canard about "Communist influence" or were pragmatic and tactical. Demonstrations against war, especially the burning of draft cards and other protests against selective service, are suspect in the eyes of the community. Those of us who know the protesters know their courage and their devotion, but their motives seem ambiguous to those who do not know them. Cowardice, the desire to avoid responsibility, the willingness to let others die in one's stead: all of these seem possible, *especially since few demonstrators are "conscientious" pacifists* in the old sense. Indeed, the movement's attacks on Selective Service are quite without point if it appeals only to those who could qualify under the generous provisions of current C.O. exemptions. Indeed, it is because the courageous may be mistaken for the craven, the critic for the traitor, that peace movements normally have no chance once conflict has begun.

The dangers inherent in the tactics of the movement are great. First of all, the "counter-demonstrations" have given extreme right-wing and fascist groups their first major access to the generality of Americans—an access which was denied them, by and large, during the civil rights protests. This fact is especially dangerous given the schism, weakness and bankruptcy of the Republican opposition—an opposition which has attained its only electoral success through fervent anti-Communism and paranoia over China. It is only too likely that GOP orators will follow the well-known road of Richard Nixon in seeking to exploit public hostility to the protests. It is more dangerous still that they may create a strong, if not irresistible, pressure on the administration to follow the "tough line," or even to expand the war by capturing opinion to the right of the demonstrations.

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Second, the protest groups are the most skilled and the most essential of all groups working for urban reform and for justice among the poor. To say that SDS has no peer in action among poorer urban whites is to say the obvious. Yet it is precisely such groups that are prone to hyperpatriotism and to outrage with the demonstrations, and it would be tragic if the left organizations lost their influence in precisely the areas where they cannot be replaced.

Liberal Respectability

Yet whatever the criticisms of the direct-action protests, the chief blame lies not with the demonstrators but with liberal respectability. McCarthy's shadow still extends: most liberals, in that dark period, learned at cost to identify their fortunes exclusively with the Democratic party. Their faculties for criticism, even "loyal" criticism, have been stultified and their capacity for action weakened.

Well-intentioned but prosperous and fearful, the liberal community reacts to a left challenge, not by putting forward alternatives of its own, but by shouldering to the right. Liberals of note have argued that the protests last spring have served their purpose and we must now all unite to show our resolution. But in one quite important sense we *must* show an uncertain resolve—we must demonstrate that our willingness to fight to the death is weak indeed, and that more will be gained by negotiating with us than by forcing continued combat.

Also much to the point, the united front argument neglects the fact that great concessions will be required if negotiations ever take place, and that those concessions will meet with a chill reception from a community which has heard the right cheer the war as a moral crusade and found nothing but a pale qualification from the liberals and the moderate left.

The liberal community, in other words, must beware of failing to perform the role it played in civil rights: the ambiguous but essential role of acting between the peace movement and the centers of power, and of preparing the ground for the course of the future. To put it simply: it is to be hoped that liberals will not forget that their moral and strategic alliance is with the demonstrators, even if their pragmatic and tactical perceptions force them to disagree. Even in tactical terms there is no alliance of interests between the President and the liberals, on one hand, and the right on the other.

For that reason, it is pleasing to note the development of a number of "respectable" organizations for dissent on Asian policy, of which Americans for a Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy is the most salient, given the prominence of its sponsors (such as Michael Harrington, David Riesman and John Hersey), and the breadth of its contacts. But ARFEP and related organizations will have problems of their own. Designed to provide a minimum program on which all to the left of center can agree, ARFEP's educational and political program need not exclude—and logically must include—those committed to demonstrations and direct action. Yet it is led by individuals who are convinced that such tactics are inadequate, and their conviction is bound to rouse suspicion on the left. The "new left," embattled and moralistic, is never easy to work with; under these circumstances it can be expected to fear that there groups will "sell out" at the first opportunity. Confronted with suspicion where he means only well, the liberal dissenter is likely to reply with asperities of his own, and that opens up the possibility of pointless and schismatic combat which would defeat the purpose of the liberal and left groups alike.

The Problem of Organization

That danger can be overcome, but it is not the sole problem of the liberal dissenters. Like their left brethren, the liberal dissenters are intellectuals and their strength is concentrated on college campuses. Like the left, the liberals have a marked antipathy for bureaucracy and a distaste for routine. The result, naturally, is organizations which are chaotic and incomprehensible. SDS's anti-elitism, which has caused it to doubt the advisability of having a President and Vice-President, has been the source of some amusement. Yet a direct action movement can *afford* the luxury of anti-elitism: it involves all its members in action, action of a type that solidifies morale and élan even though it isolates the organization from the community. Not being committed to working "within the system," it does not require the organized centers of decision and control demanded of any organization that would work at the level of national politics. Neither condition applies to organizations concerned with broad educational projects in place of direct action and inclined toward traditional forms of political action. The disorganization of the liberal dissenting groups may seriously impede their ability to perform any effective role.

Yet the organizations for liberal and left dissent offer some hope, a hope broader than that of avoiding the polarization of opinion into the camps represented by the demonstrators and the right—and the danger of McCarthyism that such a polarization entails. The

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danger is real enough: the demonstrators, unlike the Communist Party, will not be satisfied if a well-intentioned Justice Department ignores them. They will insist on acting in ways which may compel prosecution. (A fact which ought to reveal the truth: that the demonstrators are serious and committed, if mistaken, *citizens,* not conspirators.)

The greater danger is Asia herself, whirling in the tornado of change, full of new-voiced resentments and eager for dignity, developing a pattern of violence in a world which had only begun to hope for stability. The errors and imbecilities of traditional American non-policy in Asia can no longer be afforded as they were while the giant slept. The most valuable quality of the liberal dissenters, especially in contrast to the Vietnam demonstrations, is that they presume that any settlement must be an Asian settlement—one which begins to deal more rationally with China as well as Vietnam. If a new debate is opened on Asia, other questions may arise as a matter of course: developments like those in Indonesia which offer great opportunities, but new chances for folly, or the broadened nature of the conflict over Kashmir. A revival of dissent might even ask Americans to consider whether a new containment policy in Asia might not demand, as the old policy did in Europe, multilateral ties between the United States and an Asian regional organization which would treat India and Japan not as dependents, but as great powers in their own right.

In any event, a new debate is essential if the errors of the past are to be avoided. If such a debate takes place, liberals will have much for which to thank the demonstrations which prodded their conscience and sparked their concern. If silence continues and deepens between the clamorous follies of right and left, liberals will have no one to blame but themselves.

Tito's twilight

THE PAUNCHY REVOLUTION

MATTHEW MESTROVIC

"Our revolution," Tito once said with pride, "does not devour its children." Not many of them, anyway. True, Djilas languishes in grim Mitrovica prison, and former Politburo member Andrija Hebrang was liquidated under mysterious circumstances in 1952. But most of Tito's old comrades who survived the Partisan struggle of World War II are still very much around in positions of power, residing in plush villas and riding in chauffeured Mercedeses. The once sinewy, half-starved revolutionists have aged into fleshy bureaucrats. As Yugoslav novelist S. Lanji sardonically put it in his book *The Police Inquisitor Has Made a Mistake,* "the Revolution has grown a paunch."

But Yugoslavia remains a land of Homeric heroes and cruel passions, where power is won and held with rifle and bomb in hand. Thus Tito's regime derives its authority far more from the legends of wartime Partisan exploits, than from the musty, dialectical treatises of Karl Marx. The last page of every issue of *Komunist,* the party's official organ, is devoted to retelling the tales of heroism and sacrifice by underground Communist conspirators under the prewar royal regime, and during the wartime guerrilla struggle. To use a Medieval Catholic concept, the Communist rulers live today by drawing upon the "treasury of merit" which they accumulated by blood and toil in the past. This is the reason why the regime was up in arms against Miodrag Bulatovic's novel, *Hero on a Donkey,* which was duly banned in Yugoslavia, but has been published in French, German, English, and Italian editions abroad. The grave sin committed by Bulatovic, the 35-year-old Montenegrin, was that he satirized that which is most holy in the eyes of the Communist New Class, the mythology of Partisan heroism.

Bulatovic brazenly called the Communists "constipated," "stuffed and tired," in interviews given in September to Rome's *Il Messaggiero* and the West German *Morgen Post,* and added that he left the glorification of the "Partisans to those who get paid for it." After saying this, Bulatovic announced he would return to Belgrade, challenging the regime to proceed against him, as it had done against that other now famous

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32-year-old author, Mihajlo Mihajlov, who enraged the regime by his critique of Stalinism in his article, "Moscow Summer," published in the magazine *Delo*.

What is particularly interesting about Mihajlov's opposition to the regime is his rejection of Marxism in favor of a Christian, humanitarian socialism. Mihajlov is asking for the establishment of freedom of the press, speech, religious belief, and political association while at the same time favoring a socialist economic order. Democratic socialism is in fact what many young intellectuals in other East European countries under Communist rule are also fighting to achieve.

New Jerusalem vs. "Nasa Stvarnost"

The growing disaffection of the intellectuals is rooted in the obvious contradiction between Communist ideals and reality. Marx, of course, saw the vision of a New Jerusalem, a world from which poverty, oppression, ignorance and selfishness would forever be banished. But what the Yugoslav Communists like to call "nasa stvarnost" (our reality) falls far short of the Marxian ideal. After more than 20 years of Tito's rule, the country finds itself in the midst of a grave economic crisis. Unemployment and prices are rising fast, production is lagging, and the standard of living of the people has plummeted.

For a long time a measure of prosperity, and in fact a gradually rising standard of living, had been insured by massive injections of U.S. economic aid, totaling about $3 billion. But with the drying up of U.S. aid, and the constant increase in foreign indebtedness which has passed the billion dollar mark, the soap bubble burst. Unemployment has reached alarming proportions—500,000 people are out of work—and the numbers are still growing, due to the closing down of inefficient plants. According to *Komunist*, 150,000 workers have emmigrated abroad, particularly to West Germany, in search of jobs and better pay.

As part of the newest of many so-called "economic reforms," hastily promulgated in July, the dinar has been devalued in two stages from 750 to 1,250 to the dollar. Over the past 12 months prices have shot up by 80 percent, while wages have lagged behind with a 25 percent increase, sharply reducing the standard of living. The stated aim of the reform is to raise the low efficiency of Yugoslav industrial production, making it competitive in the world markets. State subsidies have been cut and enterprises were told to fend for themselves in the market—make a profit or face the prospect of bankruptcy.

But already the reform seems to have run into trouble. The Zagreb daily, *Vjesnik*, reported that the office of price control in Belgrade has been deluged with over 4,000 requests from factories seeking further price increases over and above those already granted under the reform, on the ground that under the present price structure it is costing more to produce many items than they can be sold for. The devaluation has sharply increased the costs of essential imports without which many industries cannot continue manufacturing. Thus, *Vjesnik* of September 29 wrote, the increased costs of imported tin have driven up the manufacturing costs of canned sardines to the point where they cannot be sold at going prices either at home or abroad. Unless the situation is remedied, sardine canning plants will have to close down. There are other such instances by the hundreds. The dinar has already dropped on the open market in Trieste and in Switzerland to 1,500 to 2,000 to the dollar. To cope with the mounting chaos in the economy, the government is being forced to intervene anew by fixing prices and wages and by extending subsidies, thus negating the principal object of the reform which is to establish a market economy where prices would be determined largely by supply and demand and wages by labor productivity.

Criticism and Chauvinism

The contradiction between the stated Communist goal of full employment with a decent standard of living for all and the harsh reality, has led to widespread disillusionment among the Communists themselves. The criticism of the regime from a Marxist-humanist point of view is carried out with a vengeance by the Zagreb bimonthly *Praxis*. Written by Communist intellectuals, many of them professors at Zagreb University, *Praxis* has subjected Communist practice to a merciless criticism. Curiously, despite angry lambasting from Belgrade's *Borba* and *Komunist*, *Praxis* continues to be published, and in fact receives an annual subsidy of 14,000,000 dinars from the local Croatian government. At the Croatian Central Committee's September plenum, *Praxis* was discussed at great length—a warning of sorts. But the Croatian leadership studiously avoided any direct criticism of the magazine's writing, thus hinting that it has the backing of some highly placed officials.

On top of all these problems plaguing Tito in his old age, and perhaps the one that distresses him most of all, is the mounting conflict between Yugoslavia's nationalities. "Brotherhood and Union" was one of the principal slogans of the Communist revolution, and for years one of the fondest boasts of the regime has been that it had resolved the old national hatreds

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by creating a federal union. But now, the virus of "local chauvinism" seems to have infected the Communists themselves, and they angrily battle over the allocation of development funds. The Croat and Slovene Communists say that their more economically advanced republics pay the bulk of the federal taxes, but that most of the investment funds go to the more backward eastern republics of Serbia, Macedonia and Montenegro, which do not have the capacity to put the investment funds to the best productive use. Vladimir Bakaric, Croatia's top Communist, last year violently attacked the policies of the central government in an interview published in the Belgrade weekly *Nin*. Bakaric compared the present Communist government to the pre-war Serbian-dominated reactionary royal dictatorship, then went on to say that in Communist Yugoslavia workers were more exploited than were the slaves in Homeric Greece 3,000 years ago, or the Mexican Indians after the Spanish 16th-century conquest.

Tito's sorrow over all these disputes transpired in a speech he gave in March in Sremska Mitrovica in which he mournfully complained that people "blame us for everything, the Central Committee, me personally. They say that nobody listens to me any more. They criticize our Party, our League of Communists." (*Komunist*, March 25.) More recently in Pirot, in Serbia, Tito admitted, "we have initiated all sorts of experiments, and often they have ended in disaster."

And After Tito?

In the face of growing internal dissensions and economic difficulties, Tito at 73 has shown a marked nostalgia for the gone-forever days of his revolutionary youth. He has gone back to his village of Kunrovac to visit the house of his birth, and has made a pilgrimage to Omsk in the Soviet Union where in 1918 he had joined the Red Army. For some years now he has lived in splendid semi-retirement, shuttling between his various palaces, not taking an active part in the direction of internal policies; he has preferred to devote his attention to foreign affairs. His health, too, is not as robust as it used to be. He spent most of October bedridden with a bad case of grippe. Thus as the internal problems mount, and the dictator grows ever older and less active, the question of succession looms larger, but remains unsolved, adding to the general feeling of foreboding. After Tito, what? Chaos?

The most obvious pretender to Tito's job is Alexander Rankovic, 56, a Serb and the longtime head of the secret police. But Rankovic has many handicaps, not the least of which is that in the people's mind he is identified with the grimmest aspects of Communist rule, the secret police. According to Rankovic's own admission, in the years immediately after World War II, several million people in Yugoslavia, now a nation of 19,000,000, had been imprisoned by the secret police, most of them without cause. Rankovic has been the spokesman for the "hard line" Communists who blame Yugoslavia's problems on the liberalization of the regime under Tito. At last December's Eighth Party Congress, Rankovic called for the tightening of party discipline and demanded ideological conformity, brushing aside suggestions that an opposition socialist party be permitted to operate legally.

Edvard Kardelj, a Slovene who is Yugoslavia's top Communist theoretician as well as the President of Parliament, has in recent years suffered a marked eclipse in the competition for Tito's job. Recently he has been publishing in the magazines *Sobodnost* and *Socijalizam* a ponderous, dialectical treatise entitled "Notes on our Social Criticism." Kardelj's point seems to be that criticism of the Communist system even when destructive and subjective ought to be tolerated and combatted by stronger arguments and by remedying the system's shortcomings, rather than by "administrative measures"—which in Communist jargon means police repression. Thus it seems that Kardelj, for a time at least, is taking a far more "liberal" stance than Rankovic.

A dark horse in the succession struggle is Veljko Vlahovic, a 51-year-old Montenegrin who was chosen by the Eighth Party Congress to the all-important Secretariat of the Central Committee, in addition to the holdovers Tito, Kardelj and Rankovic. At the Congress, Vlahovic took a position midway between the "hard line" Communists and the "liberals."

The Missing Man

The last contender for Tito's job was not even at the Congress—but in Sremska Mitrovica jail. Djilas has little overt support in Yugoslavia. Non-Communists hate him because he was once a top Communist; the Communists hate him because he is an apostate from the faith. But in reality most people in Yugoslavia are Djilasites, particularly the young people, for they are seeking what he had boldly proclaimed in the articles in *Borba* in 1953 which led to his downfall and expulsion from the Politburo, namely that "the Revolution cannot save itself by its past. It must find new ideas, new forms, a new appeal. If it is to survive, the Revolution must transform itself into democracy and socialism."

The conflict between what Mihajlo Mihajlov called in

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his *New Leader* article of Aug. 30 the forces of democracy and totalitarianism seems to be approaching its climax in Yugoslavia. "Yugoslavia society," wrote Mihajlov, "has today arrived at a critical point. The road may lead either backward towards a totalitarianism of the Soviet type, or towards a hitherto unattainable democratic socialism." If the reactionary Communist should prevail in the battle for Tito's succession, Rankovic could emerge as the dictator. If on the other hand, those groups which wish to see the Communist dictatorship transformed into a socialist democracy should get the upper hand, the logical candidate for Tito's position would be Djilas. Writing seven years ago in his book *The Triumphant Heretic,* the Swiss journalist Ernst Halperin shrewdly observed that "Tito defeated Stalin. But the real victor of the fight is Milovan Djilas, behind whom stands no party machine, no police and no army, and who is sitting despised and proscribed in a Yugoslav prison cell." What Halperin meant is that once Tito broke with Stalin in 1948 and embarked on a schism which shattered the monolithic structure of Communism, he set Yugoslavia on a course towards a freer society, which he may be able to slow down, but cannot stop.

From bad to worst

TREMORS IN BOLIVIA

JORDAN BISHOP

Perhaps more than any other Latin American country, Bolivia enjoys an image of a land of revolution. In the 135 years of her history she has seen over 70 irregular changes of government. Yet if we accept the terminology now current in Latin America, Bolivia has had but one revolution, that of 1952, since her war of independence, which puts her in a select class with two other Latin American nations: Mexico and Cuba. To these might be added a possible fourth, the incipient "revolution in freedom" of the present Chilean regime.

The final results of these revolutions have yet to be seen. However, in Bolivia the revolution of 1952 under the leadership of Victor Paz Estenssoro did much to achieve the first, destructive phase of revolution. The tin mines, which account for 90% of Bolivia's exports, were nationalized, while a hastily-prepared agrarian reform destroyed the feudal structure of the nation's agriculture. In neither case was the ideal achieved, since the revolution bogged down in its constructive phase; but the old disorder is gone forever. Haciendas, for example, are no longer advertised for sale as having a given number of Indians, and these same Indians are now allowed to ride city buses.

In November, 1964, drawing the fire of a multitude of mutually opposed factions, and finally the active displeasure of the military, the 12-year-old Paz government was deposed. The new government, headed by General René Barrientos, came into power under the slogan of a "restored" revolution, promising elections within six months or at the latest a year. Time in any event was necessary in view of the country's sudden emergence from what was in reality a one-party system. Returning exiles found they had few roots in the life of the nation, while many political parties were still burdened with extremely negative positions taken in opposition.

Possibly inspired by the success of Frei in Chile, the first few weeks of the new regime saw various attempts to form political parties or groupings under the banner of Christian Democracy, beginning on the right with the *Falange,* a mildly fascist group which had provided the most vociferous opposition to the Paz government. These failed in the face of opposition from the Social Christian Party, which had been the real representative of the Christian Democratic movement in the country and which sealed the title by changing its name to that of "Christian Democratic Party" (D.C.).

Meanwhile, as the D.C. was maintaining its independence from the right, the forces behind General Barrientos formed the "Popular Christian Movement" (MPC), and the Social Democrats, together with two small parties (but excluding the *Falange*) formed a Christian Democratic Union. Not a few Catholics are content with the situation, which in effect frees the Church from identification with any one party. With

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the exception of the far left, everyone claims to be inspired by Christian Democratic principles, and even the Marxist-oriented PIR (Party of the Revolutionary Left) has been opening a dialogue with the original D.C. At the moment it is doubtful any one party could honestly win a clear majority, and there seems to be even less chance of a successful coalition if one considers the nearly complete lack of real communication between the parties. All of which leaves the military in control with the somewhat reluctant blessing of a considerable minority.

Trouble in the Mines

Not the least of the problems confronting the new regime is that of the nationalized mines (COMIBOL), where production has fallen off drastically. The mines in fact have been in trouble for some time, and the Barrientos government places most of the blame on labor, with, however, only some justification. The number of supernumeraries employed in COMIBOL, for example, is excessive (six or seven thousand), and the largely Marxist-oriented union leadership had stressed the political role of the unions to the exclusion of all else. Democratically-inspired internationals like ORIT and the Christian CLASC have made no impression whatsoever; ORIT is fatally identified with "Yanqui imperialism," and CLASC is simply unknown among the miners.

Yet to place all the blame on labor is a dangerous oversimplification. Other factors have undoubtedly played a part, e.g., the decapitalization of COMIBOL in favor of petroleum and rural development during the early days of the Paz regime, and the lack of cadres of able and honest civil servants needed to carry out so vast a problem as the nationalization of the mines.

Although in its statements the government acknowledges the complexity of the situation, the actions it has taken to reform COMIBOL appear to ignore everything except the labor factor. A mass deportation of "Communist" labor leaders has been so extensive as to amount to a clean sweep of the whole union leadership of the country. This was followed by a general wage cut of 40 to 50 percent, while prices except for four basic items (meat, bread, sugar and rice, sold but not always available in company stores) have risen. A number of supernumeraries were laid-off as well, which combined with everything else has produced an atmosphere of fear and desperation in the mines.

The first, confused reaction of the miners to the situation was quelled by sending American-trained paratroopers to occupy the mines, followed by what was called "Operation Disarmament," a collection of arms and ammunition in possession of the miners. According to the La Paz daily, *Presencia,* members of the officialist MPC and pro-government *campesinos* are exempt from this collection. Things are ominously quiet at present, but many observers believe they could explode at any moment. In any event, it is exceedingly doubtful that the Barrientos government will ever gain the confidence of the miners.

The lot of the tin miner is unbelievably hard and unrewarding. The ore is in the high country, generally above 12,000 feet with some mines above 16,000. Working in poorly ventilated galleries, often in extreme heat a thousand feet underground, they emerge from the pits to find near-freezing temperatures. For many the pattern of life is devastatingly simple: into the mines at 15 years of age, retired at 25, dead of silicosis at 35. In some mines the average time for complete disablement from silicosis is less than 10 years. And the suffocating death from silicosis is no pleasant thing. Death, however, whether from accident or disease, is familiar enough for the miners and their families. A Belgian nurse working in a camp above 16,000 feet reported that in the first six months of one year not one baby born lived more than a week.

Because of strikes and the general disarray in COMIBOL, production schedules for May and June were not met. The government has promised that there will be no massive lay-offs and that jobs will be found for those who are displaced. Yet for all the hardships the miners are curiously attached to their work and many of those who are discharged will undoubtedly return to the mines once their cash indemnization is gone, to pick over slag heaps for ore rather than take work elsewhere. The Bishop of Oruro, Jorge Manrique, has spoken out strongly against mass lay-offs since the reform of the mines was announced, and in discussing the possibility of specific relief programs, he stated that the miners don't want "charity," but work.

Since the exile of Juan Lechín Oquendo, former vice-president and leader of the miners—his exile accompanied the call for a general strike—the official position has been that the chaotic situation of COMIBOL is due to two men: Victor Paz Estenssoro and Juan Lechín Oquendo. But this does not answer the real question of what, if anything, can be done to remedy the situation. Other leaders will arise, and with the resentment the government has engendered, they will probably be received with open arms. The crisis has been postponed; it has not been averted.

Rural development does not produce the spectacular headlines of successive mining crises, but the problems

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Bolivia faces on the *campo* are no less basic. For while the mines are of primary importance to the national economy, something like 70% of the country's scanty population (about four million in a territory a third larger than Texas) live in rural areas. Except for cattle, rice, some fruit and coffee, the agriculture is largely on a subsistence level; the *campesino* himself lives not much differently from his Inca ancestors, except that his sandals are now made from worn-out automobile tires.

It was these *campesinos* that the land reform of 1952 freed after centuries of serfdom. The *campesinos* were given land and "a rifle to hold it," as former President Hernán Siles Suazo once said in a speech. Although they were given very little in the way of means to improve their production and living conditions, those now occupying former haciendas are extremely jealous of their freedom. Political parties attempt to gain their support, and the armed *campesinado* is a potent factor in national politics. General Barrientos is from the Cochabamba valley and speaks to the *campesinos* from the area in their native Quechua. The miners, relatively few in number compared to the *campesinos,* are being systematically disarmed; the *campesinos* keep their land, and the rifle to defend it.

Various projects of community development are beginning in rural areas, but it is too early to predict what degree of success will eventually be attained. The present freedom of the *campesino* follows upon centuries of paternalism, and with the passing of the landlords there is a tendency for that role to be assumed by the government, opening the way for another type of exploitation. The campaigns of alphabetization currently under way appear to be moving slowly, but it must not be forgotten that in many rural areas schools were unknown until the 1952 revolution. Bicycles and transistor radios are now commonplace in many of these regions, and although there are only about 500 miles of paved road in the country, dirt roads open to trucks are sufficient to give the *campesino* more contact with the world outside his closed, traditional society.

Although the exodus from the *campo* to the cities is less marked than in many Latin American countries, one Bolivian in eight lives in La Paz. Cochabamba, the second city in the country (about 100,000 population), could become an important center, with its lower altitude, ideal climate and a big water-power project now in progress. Three-hundred miles east, the city of Santa Cruz offers another chance to counter the Latin American pattern of one enormous city. Oil has been discovered in the area, and natural gas as well, which could provide the beginnings of a chemical industry. There are also rich iron deposits in this tropical region. However, transportation presents a problem to all the cities. Meat, for example, is still brought from Beni to La Paz by air, and in the rainy season many parts of the country are inaccessible.

The Church in the Center

The Church, which still occupies a central position in Bolivia, has on the whole enjoyed a real awakening to the social question. One no longer finds bishops and priests actively opposing such measures as land reform, and Catholics have been active in the development of cooperatives, community development, and so forth. But the tendency to promote social institutions under the direct patronage of the Church still persists; there has been little conscious effort at the Christian presence in neutral or non-Catholic institutions.

This is partly due to an intense fear of Communism and partly to assumptions made by Catholics in a country where the Church is established. Furthermore, the passage from a Christian to a secular society, which appears inevitable in Bolivia, is regarded as an evil to be fought with any weapon available. This is particularly so since the Church is largely dependent on cultural tradition for the transmission of Christian values. But it poses a more basic problem for the future of the Church in Bolivia, and that is the problem of evangelization.

This is perhaps felt most acutely in the lack of personnel. Although the Catholic religion is officially taught in public schools (parents may have their children excused; the present constitution recognizes the Catholic Church, but guarantees the public exercise of all religions), the shortage of trained religion teachers is serious. The goodly number of Catholic schools reaches only those who can afford the tuition. On the university level, the Church's presence is ensured to varying degrees by Catholic student movements. The Marxist presence is also considerable in these schools, as it is in the entire teaching profession. As yet, the Church is not burdened with a Catholic university as it is in other Latin American countries.

Much more serious, however, is the yearly decrease in native vocations, despite the fairly large proportion of Catholic schools and the traditional system of preparatory seminaries. Fully two-thirds of the clergy are foreign-born and of these the majority are not Bolivian citizens. As a result, a coordinated pastoral effort is exceedingly difficult to achieve. The area that shows most signs of renewal, along lines consecrated by the

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Council, is the Archdiocese of Sucre, which has the highest proportion of native-born diocesan priests.

Meanwhile, Protestant churches and sects, currently engaged in a unified campaign of "evangelism in depth," claim some 50,000 adherents in the country, and as many pastors as there are Catholic priests, if not more. Probably half of these are native Bolivians. Both the Protestants and the Catholics have been closed to any dialogue in the past, although there are signs of improvement on both sides. The Council has attracted the interest of many local Protestant leaders. Yet on the whole they regard the population as heathen, and the reluctance of Catholics to face the problem of evangelization is due in part to a certain defensiveness here.

But undoubtedly the greatest obstacle to evangelization—despite the considerable awakening and renewal in the Church—lies in a lack of consciousness of the full depth of the changes affecting Bolivian society and the Bolivian Church. The situation of a Church "in Christendom" is still taken very much for granted. One is a Bolivian, hence one is a Roman Catholic, and the question of evangelization, when posed, is often resisted. The fact is, most Bolivians do identify with the Church, not excluding some Communists; it is part of their culture although Mass attendance in densely populated areas like La Paz probably does not go above five percent. But can this continue in a society changing as rapidly and profoundly as Bolivia's? The future is very much an open question for both Bolivia and the Church in Bolivia.

Spy stories as literature

COLD WAR FICTION

BRUCE COOK

As Leslie Fiedler and other critics have remarked, the Cold War has not proved a very profitable subject for serious fiction. To those who know it only from newspapers, magazines, and books, it is less a conflict than a condition—the way things are and have been since 1948 or so. And that, ultimately, is how most serious writers of fiction, from Bellow and Mailer to Graham Greene, have treated it—as a condition. There are few enough who even know and feel the Cold War as a conflict, and of these only one—a former English civil servant by the name of David Cornwell—has been able to write convincingly of it in these terms.

Cornwell has written four books under the pen name of John Le Carre. The last two—*The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* and *The Looking Glass War*—have proven so fabulously successful that he is now trying to reclaim his real name. Born 34 years ago, Cornwell is too young by three or four years to have seen service of any kind in World War II. He spent the war at a public school, Sherbourne, from which he went on to Berne University and Oxford. After a year or two teaching at Eton, he entered the British foreign service. Now, so far as I have been able to tell from the bits and fragments of his career as a civil servant that I have pieced together, there is nothing to indicate that Cornwell was himself a "spy" or was even deeply involved in intelligence work. While this conclusion may annoy some who seem to value factual authenticity over every other virtue in fiction, it merely confirms the judgment that his are works of the imagination, both in the ordinary and in the highest sense.

Take *Call for the Dead* as an example. As with the three books that followed it, the mystery element here is the weakest of all; in the last of them, *The Looking Glass War*, it is all but left out entirely. Why, one wonders, was it necessary for Cornwell to write mysteries and thrillers at all? Why couldn't he simply have begun by writing novels, pure and simple? In answering this, I may be reading in a bit too much, but I seem to detect a certain sense of embarrassment in the author's attitude to his earlier work; it seems acute and apparent in the second book, *A Murder of Quality*. It is as though Cornwell, because a bit chagrined at the idea of writing fiction, had chosen a sub-literary genre so that if detected, he might say that the whole thing was only a bit of a joke after all.

And yet this situation provides a good part of the pleasure to be found in the book. For there is here,

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from the very beginning, a sort of tension that builds up between what the author really wants to say on the one hand and, on the other, what the necessities of plot and the conventions of the thriller dictate that he must say. It is a familiar enough problem for a serious writer—no more, really, than a complication of the old content-form conflict. But of course when a serious writer—and David Cornwell is certainly that—tries to do something first-rate in a second-rate medium, he must work twice as hard to achive his subtlest effects.

But about George Smiley. He is the point-of-view, the detector in *Call for the Dead.* He has spent most of his adult life in active intelligence work—in spying to be precise—and what Cornwell stresses in the beginning is the ordinariness of Smiley's physical appearance, quoting a description of him as a "bullfrog in a sou'wester." But of course the only ordinary thing about Smiley is his appearance. He has enormous intelligence; and yet there is nothing impersonal or abstract about the intelligence of George Smiley. On the contrary, he is the most human of men. And if he uses his intelligence as a weapon, it is his humanity that aims, primes, and fires that weapon.

This, as far as Smiley is concerned, is the source of the mystery in *Call for the Dead*: He simply can't figure out why, after the friendliest sort of security interview, Samuel Arthur Fennan—a Jew and one of the most intellectually able men in the Foreign Office—should commit suicide. Smiley visits the widow. When the telephone rings and Smiley answers it for Mrs. Fennan, it turns out to be an answering service, calling to wake up Mr. Fennan. If, reasons Smiley, Fennan had intended to end his own life the night before, he would not have left word to be called on the following morning. This, of course, is quite the usual thing for detective stories and sounds rather banal when put this way. All right, the plot *is* no less banal than any other detective story and, for a regular reader of them, probably quite obvious as well; but the total effect is rather powerful and certainly anything but banal.

How is it that David Cornwell achieves this total effect in *Call for the Dead*? How does he manage to achieve such power in a medium which, as defined by George P. Elliott (in his good essay on Raymond Chandler), "damagingly interfered in what is the very essence of a novel; it manipulates the motives and relationships of its characters for an artificial and trival end"? Cornwell does what he does so well by refusing to manipulate, by giving *too much* attention to motive. He does it, in short, by writing poor detective stories.

A Murder of Quality, his second book, was much better as a mystery, but—or rather, consequently—in every other way it was a poorer piece of fiction. Except for a few early passages presenting George Smiley, and except for the public school background against which the mystery is played, there is little that is really interesting in the book. For one who is used to reading novels, rather than mystery stories, there is very little to fasten onto—little in the way of motivation and characterization—in *A Murder of Quality.*

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold is less a mystery-thriller than even *Call For The Dead,* and while it has much to recommend it as a novel, it is not altogether successful in this direction, either. Nevertheless, with all reservations allowed, the book is still the finest piece of fiction that has been written about the Cold War. There is no use saying that it has a Cold War background, or that it makes use of Cold War themes, or using any of the other evasions so frequently employed in pieces of this kind; for in this case, they simply don't apply: *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* is *about* the Cold War in that complete and essential way that Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is about Africa.

Allowing for the suspense and reversals we ought, of course, to expect in a work of this kind, its plot is straightforward and quite simple. Alec Leamas, a British intelligence operator, sees the last and most important member of the spy network he runs in East Germany shot down before his eyes at the Berlin border. He returns to London and is enlisted in a plan to discredit and remove Hans-Dieter Mundt, the East German intelligence chief who has wiped out the network. As the plan develops, we see its logic and direction: Leamas feigns dissolution and is let go from the service; he hangs about London until he is approached by a Communist agent who offers him the proposition he has been waiting for. Would he care to tell, for a price, what he knows of British intelligence operations? Yes, he would. It is all arranged and Leamas is taken off to Holland where the deal is consummated, and he undergoes his first round of interrogation. He had hoped to be let off with that, but he is taken into East Germany where he is put through a lengthy and exhaustive examination by no less than Fiedler, Mundt's second-in-command. By playing on Fiedler's ideological loyalty and personal jealousy (Fiedler is a Jew, and Mundt, Leamas was told, "is quite the other thing"), Leamas manages to convince him that his chief is serving as a double agent for British intelligence. When Mundt is brought to trial and successfully counters Fiedler's charges, even turning them against him, Leamas realizes that it had all been planned in just this way right from the beginning, that Mundt actually *is* a double

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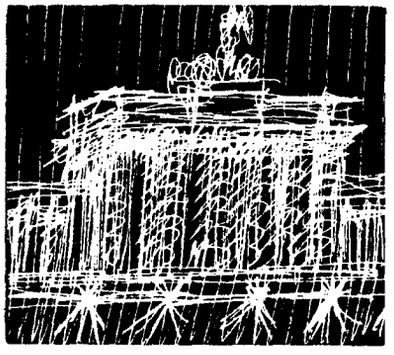
agent for the British, and that this whole plan had been hatched to discredit not Mundt, but his suspicious assistant, Fiedler.

This outline of the plot will give no real idea of what is essential in the book: its human elements. They are best expressed in three scenes that set forth the book's deepest meaning almost in the manner of Joycean epiphanies. The first of these is the affair Leamas has with Liz Gold during the London hiatus. Knowing—or perhaps better put, guessing—what lies before Leamas at this point, it is impossible to read his scenes with Liz Gold without being touched by their poignancy and pathos. The second is Leamas's final interview with Fiedler. Sympathy and understanding—human con-



tact—has been building between the two during the scenes of interrogation, so that during the last of these, the atmosphere changes perceptibly. It is no less tense, no less urgent than before, yet it has become a dialogue; Fiedler feels that he can, that in fact he must, answer Leamas. But that, too, first takes the form of a question: Fiedler asks about the "philosophy" of the men and women who work in British intelligence. When Leamas indicates that they have none, Fiedler is shocked. He asks, "If they do not know what they want, how can they be so certain they are right?" And then he continues:

> 'I myself would have put a bomb in a restaurant if it brought us further along the road. Afterwards I would draw the balance—so many women, so many children; and so far along the road. But Christians—and yours is a Christian society—Christians may not draw the balance.'
>
> 'Why not? They've got to defend themselves, haven't they?' Leamas asks.
>
> 'But they believe in the sanctity of human life. They believe every man has a soul which can be saved. They believe in sacrifice.'

The last of these epiphanies comes toward the end of the book. Leamas and Liz are driving for the border, attempting to escape. He explains to her what has happened and ends with a bitter denunciation of the Cold War and its ethic: "I hate it, I hate it all, I'm tired. But it's the world, it's mankind that's gone mad. We're a tiny price to pay . . . but everywhere's the same, people cheated and misled, whole lives thrown away, people shot and in prison, whole groups and classes of men written off for nothing."

This, it seems to me, is put with rather vigorous eloquence, especially so when we consider that the book was written while Cornwell was a civil servant of the British Government working in Bonn; he may even himself (although for a number of reasons it seems unlikely) have been engaged in intelligence work at the time. It has about it a valedictory ring, as though Cornwell were saying, with resounding finality, goodbye to all that. Goodbye to all the ideologies; goodbye to deceit and necessary lies; goodbye to the Cold War.

He says it all so eloquently and with such seeming finality that it comes almost as a disappointment to find that his latest book, *The Looking Glass War,* is another work of spy fiction. What more has he to tell us? we ask. What did he leave out? And such questions as these are not so easy to answer even after we have read the new book. What David Cornwell set out to do, I believe, was simply to write a novel. And yet burdened with that timidity of his, he apparently felt unable to accomplish that quite on his own. He seems to have felt it necessary to go back one more time to the spy material that has worked for him so well in the past. To this extent, at least, *The Looking Glass War* is quite successful: Cornwell has managed at last to break the novel barrier. He has written a book—perhaps the *only* one—that is both a spy story and a true novel. Quite without any detection element, it is simply a story about spies.

George Smiley is along once again. He had an easily neglected role in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.* The most one could say was that Cornwell had included him, apparently out of a sense of obligation (and in that book, incidentally, Smiley behaves curiously unlike himself; he seems to be present in name only). In *The Looking Glass War,* however, George Smiley plays a very important role, although one secondary to the action of the novel. He is provided here as something of a Greek chorus—or better, a Charlie Marlowe—an expert witness, called in by the author to speak in his behalf, to explain, evaluate, and comment on the action.

The action, in this case, is limited to a single operation by a lesser intelligence organization, an operation which, once under way, is given the code name Mayfly. A kind of last fling by a staff that has barely functioned since World War II, Mayfly is doomed right

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from the start to end badly. And end badly it does—yet not in the spectacular, almost tragic way that *The Spy* did, but far more bleakly and miserably and probably more realistically, too.

It is an extremely bitter book, one that offers us little to hope for. Cornwell's chief, very nearly his *only*, concern here is with his characters. He does not even personify the East-half of his conflict, so that, as given, it is really no conflict at all. But he wants to know, and wants us to know *why* his spies do what they do. LeClerc, head of the unit, wishes, out of personal vanity and an overpowering sense of nostalgia, to see himself and his group re-attain the eminence and importance they enjoyed during the war. For John Avery, his assistant (who is too young to have known the glorious rigors of World War II operations), the answer is more complicated. His wife, from whom he is all but estranged, tries hard to understand him, and yet when she comes closest, she does not like what she sees:

> When you came back last night you looked as though you'd fallen in love. The kind of love that gives you comfort. You looked free and at peace. I thought for a moment you'd found a woman. That's why I asked, really it is, whether they're all men . . . . I thought you were in love.

Love. It may seem to us a peculiar sort of motivation for a man to involve himself in espionage work, and yet for the man most deeply involved, it is underlined and put even more plainly to us. Leiser, the German-speaking Pole who takes Mayfly across the border into East Germany, is remembered and described by Haldane, the man who trained him for the mission:

> 'When we met him, he was a man without love. Do you know what love is? I'll tell you: it is whatever you can still betray. We ourselves live without it in our profession. We don't force people to do things for us. We let them discover love. And of course, Leiser did, didn't he? He married us for money, so to speak, and left us for love. He took his second vow. I wonder when.'
>
> Avery said quickly, 'What do you mean, for money?'
>
> 'I mean whatever we gave to him. Love is what he gave to us . . . .'

It is an altogether more serious book than *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, realistic and mature; and it is a more expertly written one, too. Why, then is *The Looking Glass War* finally so much less satisfying? Because, I think, in trying to write a full-blown novel, Cornwell must have become a little shy, a little fearful in the treatment of his characters; and as a result he has treated them very carefully, a little too carefully. Here he had his chance to immerse himself in those depths of character, emotion, and motivation that he had before only dared to test. It was time, of course, for him to try something of the kind. He had done so well with Alec Leamas—a figure of high romance in the style of Martin Decoud of *Nostromo*—that we had every reason to hope for something of the quality of *Under Western Eyes* in this new work of Cornwell's. He threw himself into Leamas almost recklessly, holding nothing back of himself, drawing the reader irresistibly in behind.

Cornwell gave Leamas his love. But to Leiser, who took that second vow, he can offer only pity. And for all the rest—for LeClerc, Haldane, and Avery—those who direct the operation, he seems to have only contempt. There is entirely too much distance here between Cornwell and his characters; contempt and pity are not enough to sustain this novel or any other. Love, only, can do the job.

Let George Smiley have the last word here; it comes in the form of an accusation put to the managers of Mayfly: "You've made technique a way of life," he tells them, "like a whore . . . technique replacing love." There is a quality of unintentional irony here, I think, for Cornwell who has developed the spy story to its highest level of technique. There is an awful possibility that he may, himself, make technique a way of life—that is, unless he takes that second vow and replaces technique with love.

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FRANCES COLVIN

WILDCAT

A wildcat lurks behind this hillside town;
His golden eyes are flowers in the dark
And stripes run from the trees into his fur,
Furrowed like piney-bark in black and brown.
How big he is, no one can rightly say—
But big enough to frighten and delight;
And like a wild rose vine his thorny track
Is found long after he has gone away.
His boundaries are altered by his will;
The town seems wider while the cat's at large
Within a necessary wilderness
And we remember there remains a hill
No man has walked on yet. We let him range
The province of our willful ignorance,
Above geraniumed streets, out of our sight,
Dark disarranger of our sleep at night.

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COMMENT

While it is by now generally agreed that Christianity is undergoing a crisis, it is not at all evident just what lies behind it. Is it a matter of the "relevance" of Christianity? Or of a widespread loss of a sense of the supernatural? Or is it perhaps only a by-product of the inevitable difficulties of translating biblical perspectives into contemporary terms? Each of these explanations has much to commend it, and they are even more plausible if taken together as part of a complex whole. Even so there is still something missing.

I want to suggest, in a very tentative way, that Christianity in general, and many of the churches in particular, lack today a clear sense of their own logic. This suggestion requires some explanation and presupposes certain assumptions. Let me state some of my assumptions: 1) Few believers can for long tolerate a lack of order, system and coherence in their religious beliefs; 2) Few churches can for long tolerate mutually incompatible theologies, incompatible stances toward the world and incompatible understandings of their purpose and mission; 3) For the sake of their long-term health, both individual believers and the churches require a reasonably well-ordered and well-articulated set of convictions. Where these minimal conditions are lacking, at least over the long run, the result will be one form or another of disintegration. The individual believer will soon show signs of neuroticism, becoming irritable, inconsistent in his conduct, prone to destructive criticism, and wildly erratic in his emotional life (ecstatic one moment, depressed the next). He will, in other words, feel and act like a man who has lost his bearings. Something of the same kind will happen in the churches: they will be rent by violent disputes, by the formation of sharply antagonistic factions, even by heresies and schisms; one way or another they will lose their sense of unity and community.

Many of these neurotic symptoms are now present, though so far in a relatively mild form. But I think it can safely be predicted that the symptoms will grow more pronounced, and very quickly, if Christianity does not succeed in articulating a fresh logic. Now a natural question at this point might be: what was the old logic and what has happened to it? Unfortunately, the question is misleading. It is doubtful that Christianity has ever been marked by a single logic or a single and orderly set of beliefs. Instead, the history of Christianity shows that many alternative systems of Christian belief have developed. There have been rationalistic theologies and mystical theologies, secular theologies and ascetical theologies, history-centered theologies and philosophy-centered theologies. Each has had its own methods, modes of reasoning and characteristic marks. Sometimes the conflicts among these alternatives led to disaster; more often one or the other would gain sway. It was then possible for the individual or for a church to work with a mode of belief which had an inner coherence, a logic. Everything could be put in place, at least in a general way; consensus could be achieved because of a shared framework.

The trouble at our present point in history is that no single system of belief or ordered set of perspectives has achieved this kind of dominance. The present state of Catholic thought is a natural example. Until perhaps the middle of the twentieth century, a rationalistic theology held sway. Whatever its deficiencies in detail, it had an aesthetically and intellectually attractive coherence. The virtues of this system were many: there would be no conflict between faith and reason, because what reason could not supply the Church could; there need be no crises of belief because the evidence for the validity of Christ's revelation was incontrovertible (miracles, prophecies, etc.); there would be little uncertainty about living the Christian life because the Church had definitively spelled out the rules.

What happened to this tidy arrangement? The philosophers chipped away by showing that it is not so easy, after all, to establish God's existence solely by reason. The theologians came to doubt whether a rationalistic theology does justice to the centrality of faith and the reality of mystery. The biblicists showed that Scripture does not reveal a set of true propositions, but rather the person of Christ and the history of salvation. The Council Fathers asserted in the *Constitution on the Church* that God does not reveal Himself only through the medium of hierarchical authority, but also directly to the individual through the promptings of the Holy Spirit. And papal infallibility? It is a grand doctrine, except that hardly anyone seems able to set down a list of those occasions on which the Pope has undeniably spoken infallibly. Finally, the moral theologians have rejected the notion that the Church can or should lay down a complete set of moral laws. All of this doesn't quite demolish the older theology, but it leaves a tottering structure, daily dropping bits and pieces of debris. From the viewpoint of the reformer, this is perfectly grand; the sooner the old building collapses the better.

Yet one has to ask what is being built in its place. If my earlier assumptions are correct, *some* kind of new

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logical *structure* must rise; or, if you will, a new system must be created. For the time being, the Church may be able to get by on a few key concepts, salvation-history, the Word, encounter, people of God, loosely knitting them together into a charismatic whole. But in the long run, these concepts will have to issue in a full-blown, fully organized theology. I say this, in a sense, despite myself. One of the truly exciting things about our era is the loss of a passion for beautiful systems. There is a willingness to accept isolated glimmers of truth, incomplete results and tentative probings. In the Church this has taken the form, above all, of an openness to the Holy Spirit, a belief that God can break in on man in wholly unexpected ways, that man's theological systems can prove to be wholly defective in the face of a blinding light from God. Just as philosophy needed to throw off the disease of Hegelianism in the early decades of this century, so too the Church needed to throw off the disease of a geometric theology.

Yet the confusion which results is enormous. One can, of course, try to make the instability itself an asset; hence, one praises the value of taking risks, of making anguished decisions, of walking in the dark. But clearly this stance does not do sufficient justice to the equally important biblical themes of Christian joy, peace and redemption. Moreover, if some people can thrive on dark nights of the soul it is doubtful that most human beings can—or at any rate, can do so indefinitely. Somehow, in some way, they have to find a way of ordering the universe and of ordering their religious life. In some way, they have to be provided with a theological system which integrates a broad variety of experiences, convictions and outlooks. It does not matter that the system may be provisional—ideally, it should be.

A good system would be one marked by flexibility, by the possibility of encompassing many diverse insights and directions; it would be inclusive rather than exclusive. But a good system also requires a logical backbone. It must have at least a few fundamental principles, some fixed points of reference (e.g., central themes in the Bible, confessional or creedal statements, or even perhaps meta-scriptural slogans such as *sola fide, sola scriptura* and so on). What is important, from the logical point of view, is not the contents of principles or fixed points as such, but that there be some in the first place. No less important, again from the logical point of view, is that there be some consistent norms for the use of language, some reasonably clear criteria whereby one can determine what may be included in the system and what may not, and the possibility of discerning the implications of any given affirmation for the system as a whole and for the life of the person who would make it his own.

All of this, I recognize, is terribly abstract; indeed, considerations of this kind may seem obnoxious, as if I am sneaking by the back door once again into the too-brightly lit room of rationalistic, mystery-denying theology. Does not an openness to the Word entail the destruction of our human logics? Must we not admit that the Holy Spirit may touch us in ways which confound our expectations, our grasp of concepts (for instance: "love"), our painfully achieved certainties? I think the answer has to be: only up to a point. Unless we have some way of integrating even the most revolutionary incursions of the Holy Spirit into some pre-existing framework, we are not likely to know whether it *is* the Holy Spirit who touches us. Abraham was ready to slay Isaac at God's command—to "suspend the ethical" in Kierkegaard's terms. Obviously God was confounding Abraham in the most radical way. Yet however insane or inhuman God's command may have seemed, it *was* God's command. And Abraham knew—in a context still broader than the ethical—that it made sense to obey God. That was his guiding principle. Put in my terms, there was a logic to Abraham's system of belief; thus one can see why he was willing to obey, however senseless the particular command may have seemed.

Now it should be evident, though perhaps not, that questions about the logic of religion or the logic of theological systems will in great part be meta-religious and meta-theological. This was borne in on me at least by Father Joseph Bochenski's recent book *The Logic of Religion* (New York University Press, 1965). What he tries to do in the book is to apply symbolic logic to religious discourse and concepts. He wants to see what their logical structure is, what laws they follow, what kind of linguistic transformations they permit or exclude. For one caught up in much contemporary theology his project may seem sterile beyond words; to talk of the living God as "$(\iota x)\ (\psi x)$" where, in Bochenski's words "'ψ' is substituted for the product of the predicates attributed to God by the creeds" is not likely to induce "meeting" or "encounter." But to do what he wanted to, Father Bochenski had to go outside of religion and theology; neither is easily able, in itself, to reveal its own logic. Or even if they are, they can be further illuminated by employing very human tools and analytical devices. Beyond that, Father Bochenski is trying to show how crucial it is that we find some way of discerning logical structures. If we are not able to, we open ourselves to many kinds of absurdity. (Father Bochenski is particularly effective in showing the drawbacks of theologies which try to build on the

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notion of "paradox.")

Unfortunately, very few these days are interested in such matters. Jean Guitton touched on the logic of religion in *The Problem of Jesus*; John Wilson has written a small book *Philosophy and Religion: The Logic of Religious Belief*; and Ninian Smart made a contribution in *Reasons and Faiths*. There are other books as well, but not many. Almost every one has been written by a philosopher rather than a theologian, and they have concentrated more on religion in the broadest sense than on recent theological speculation. The field is ready for harvest.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

(Daniel Callahan, an Associate Editor of Commonweal, here contributes his monthly column on current problems of philosophy and theology.)

THE HELL WITH IT

THE STAGE

The late John Whiting may have an interesting posthumous grievance. His play "The Devils" has just received a, no doubt metaphysically appropriate, roasting from the New York critics. Yet the play is an almost verbatim transcript of Aldous Huxley's book on the same subject, which was lavishly praised everywhere it went. Some of the scenes which have been described as overblown and intellectually trivial are actually lifted word for word from the Huxley version and hence in most cases from the original records. It looks as if Whiting may have tumbled into the traditional fallacy of assuming that what is dramatic in real life or even in a book will be dramatic on stage.

Perhaps the real trouble, though, is the absence of Mr. Huxley's off-stage voice—that compound of urbane omniscience, mystic one-upmanship and the occasional donnish giggle ("isn't it all rather priceless")—which in this instance was so happily wedded to the subject as to produce a small masterwork. The story of how the devils of Loudun jobbed the parish priest is a freak-show, not a tragedy: or at least, the tragic elements were thoroughly subsumed into the freak-show—victims, so to say, of dominant aesthetic genes. And Huxley had just the pedant's relish for oddity to keep things straight.

Whiting plays it the other way round, and the result is feeble tragedy where it could have been robust freak-show. His play focuses on the martyrdom of Father Grandier, the wretched parish priest who was framed to death by non-existent devils; but theatrically this is not a good enough martyrdom. There have been too many better ones. Father Grandier didn't stand for anything special, he embodied no cause or idea. Fundamentally, he was the victim of a coincidence: the chance collision of a mass hallucination, a certain political situation, and a singularly gamy collection of enemies. He was too much of an accident to be the last word on any of these. His ending was personally impressive, but it formed an insufficient comment on the situation. In Huxley's book it comes a hundred pages before the end, and this is the right place for it. The whole point of it was that it solved nothing.

If Whiting wanted to make a tragic hero of Grandier he should have ridden a much looser rein on Huxley's materials. Huxley makes no real attempt to prepare Grandier subjectively for a tragic climax. At one moment he is a posturing fop, at the next he is a Christian martyr. That's how it goes in Huxley's classroom—just one oddity among many, further proof that humans are capable of just about anything. But this will hardly do for the protagonist of a play. The author should either have dug for records to support his own temperament (the case was sufficiently documented to meet any need), or he should have taken his nerve in his hands and made up some bridge scenes of his own. As things stand, Grandier winds up with a severe case of the splits and Jason Robards is left holding the two sections of the part with a slightly baffled expression—willing to make a noble death, but not quite sure how he got to that point.

The swan lines that Robards is given to speak are again mostly the real Grandier's, and impressive enough if you think of a real man saying them while the straw is beginning to crackle; but the play is so stylized that you are not likely to think of them that way at all, but only as philosophical points which the author has inserted on his own behalf, in which case they are once more not quite good enough. (If people are going to suspect you of lying anyway, you might as well take advantage of it and lie like a Medici.)

The hysterical nuns who started all the trouble are cheated out of equal time by this emphasis on Grandier. In fact we are told so little about them, who they are, how they got that way, that when they jump into their cake-walk, grunting and carrying on, they are not so much moving as just plain silly. If history says so, all right, but it is awfully hard to see what is eating these girls. (Grandier's suggestion that their apparent diabolism is caused entirely by galloping spinsterhood is one simplification the author *didn't* get from Huxley.)

The pack is led by Ann Bancroft, one of the more unconvincing actresses of our time—adrift between

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Actor's Studio and old-fashioned melodrama—but a feeling comes across that the author is tone-deaf in religious matters and could not have done much with the nuns anyway. He does much better by some of the small, out-and-out eccentrics: the local doctor and chemist exchanging eye-of-toad gossip and the exorcist who inspects the local cattle for devils: and they do much better by him too. Albert Dekker and Michael Lombard are particularly fine as the barmy exorcists, hewing closely to the grotesque limits which are the play's strong suit.

Although the play-proper is weak enough, ending in a burst of emotion that is totally out of key and some ketchup-drenched torture that should be shipped straight back to the Grand Guignol, it does offer more incidental pleasures than many. Rouben Ter-arutainian's sets are excellent, especially his economically drawn suggestions of convent; and Michael Cacoyannis seems to have directed about as well as the play lets him. The first act, which is a sort of 17th century puppet-show, indicates that a good Molieresque farce may have gone up in Father Grandier's flames. Enough flavor remains anyway to get you back to Huxley's book, where the story is told right. (*At the Broadway*) WILFRID SHEED

LAUGH, CLOWN

THE SCREEN

Every now and then one sees a play or movie and laughs and laughs and then afterward wonders what all the shouting was about. Such a film is "A Thousand Clowns," for which Herb Gardner wrote the script from his original play. Its main character is Murray Burns, an utterly wacky non-conformist who's as free as the wind since he walked out on his scriptwriting job for TV kids shows. He's a delight to listen to—either on the street where he points out something "horrible" to his twelve-year-old nephew (people going to work) or in his own fancifully cluttered apartment where he shouts out complaints to his neighbors about the quality of their garbage (he wants to see more champagne bottles and caviar cans). With his unconventional philosophy, his disdain for labor, and his off-beat, often shaggy-dog humor, Murray would be right at home in practically any of Saroyan's plays. The plot of "A Thousand Clowns," though less sentimental, has its up-dated Saroyan touches, too, when it gets involved with Nick, the illegitimate son of Murray's sister. Nick, precocious and unconventional, lives with his unemployed bachelor uncle; and not surprisingly, the Child Welfare Bureau sends a couple of investigators to learn what's going on in this odd set-up. If Murray doesn't become a responsible member of society and get a job, the Bureau will probably take Nick from him.

Although some of the scenes are rather stagey and talky, producer-director Fred Coe works valiantly to make his movie move by taking it out of the apartment and onto the New York streets. Arthur J. Ornitz' black-and-white photography of the city is lovely even though some of the excursions covered by the characters would wear them and their shoe leather out. Herb Gardner's dialogue is bright and manages to shut up every now and then so that the clever musical score can take over. Best of all in "Clowns," however, is Jason Robards, whose charm and sense and nonsense as Murray almost succeed in selling us on his all-play-and-no-work design for living. Delightful too are Barry Gordon, as the worldly-wise Nick who loves his zany uncle but wishes he'd get a job so they could continue to live together, and Barbara Harris, as the psychologist member of the Welfare team who also finds Nick irresistible, moves in with him, makes over the crummy apartment, and urges the job hunt. In the supporting cast, Martin Balsam, as Murray's sensible brother, and William Daniels, as the strict Welfare sociologist, are both fine.

While "A Thousand Clowns" isn't exactly fare for impressionable young people, Walt Disney's new opus certainly is. "That Darn Cat" is a comedy thriller in which D.C. (Darn Cat) holds the trump card by knowing where the bank robbers who kidnapped the teller are hiding. Besides the Siamese cat who plays the title role, several humans are in the large cast: Hayley Mills and Dorothy Provine as the sisters who own D.C.; Roddy McDowall who's in love with Dorothy; Tom Lowell who has a yen for Hayley but is equally interested in eating and surfing; Dean Jones as the FBI man attached to the case and greatly discomforted by his allergy to cats as well as D.C.'s animosity; Frank Gorshin and Neville Brand as the mock-tough robbers.

Mildred and Gordon Gordon, authors of *Undercover Cat*, also had hands in the script and manage to provide plenty of good clean fun; and Robert Stevenson handles his large cast well. At times, the slapstick, especially the scene at the Drive-In, is somewhat overdone—but it should delight audiences who like Sennett's kind of pie- or ice cream-in-the-face humor. I found the snoopy neighbors played by Elsa Lanchester and William Demarest the picture's funniest touch. My only objection to "That Darn Cat" is its excessive length. Yet most adults who take their kids to it, especially cat lovers, will have a field day. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

The Dylan Thomas legend

The Life of Dylan Thomas

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

Little, Brown, $7.95

IRVING D. SUSS

Out of the Dylan Thomas industry has come at last a book that is full and revealing and kind. It is written with the affection that Thomas could claim even from perfect strangers, though it doesn't scant those repellent, cheapening habits that Thomas had. Mr. FitzGibbon has given us a compassionate and understanding biography of an essential poet who was an incomplete man, but he views Thomas distantly enough to be free of the kind of condemning subjectivity – a sense of gratitude deserved and outraged for example, or a pained cry of old love – that closer intimacy might have urged.

Dylan Thomas wrote fine poems, I think, but I am not sure, for I have never been able to separate the poems (even those I never heard him read) from the belling voice that like Orpheus could have charmed the sirens into silence). Thomas himself, despite his awareness of his power as a poet, could never depend absolutely on self-assurance; he needed – asked for – the adulation of the few and the many while at the same time despising it. "I'm a freak user of words, not a poet," he wrote once to Pamela Hansford Johnson while their brief love was in flower. Friends of his, like Glyn Jones speak of his self-deprecation, but generally tend to dismiss it as false modesty. The letter to Miss Johnson, however, continued with unmistakable sincerity: "That's really the truth. No self-pity there. A freak *user* of words, not a poet. That's terribly true."

Dylan was 19 at the time, and as a poet he was driving hard to the end of his first full flush of inspiration. In the notebooks that he had been compiling during the previous four years were 250 poems that he thought good enough to keep. Of that number he eventually published 54 (sometimes thoroughly revised), or more than half the number he was to publish in his whole life. Most of his poems, then, were conceived when he was barely out of adolescence; but of course he didn't live long enough to weep because it was too late for him to die young.

That year (1934) "18 Poems" appeared; two years later "Twenty-five Poems" marked the peak of his youthful creativity. After that, though he continued to work hard at writing, the emphasis of his life shifted. London, rather than Swansea, became his center; the war in Spain and then World War II pressured his limited political sense, and the brilliance of passion modulated into marriage with its dull nagging debt to responsibility. The world made its demands; he was not strong enough to fulfill them.

The world that Thomas lived in is brilliantly portrayed as the author focuses on the background before closing in on the experiences that composed the poet's life. Dylan's childhood is evoked from a few anecdotes placed against the Welsh scene, and his life in London whirls within the Soho that was as much a way of living as a place. When the image of Dylan first fills Mr. FitzGibbon's screen completely, he is about 15, and he has fewer than 25 years to live.

Within those 25 years, Dylan Thomas was to compress the fame of two careers, poet and performer – and the notoriety of a legend that parodied both. He wrote, lectured and read poems for the BBC, worked at scripts for motion pictures – all this to earn money for a growing family and for the support of his aging parents – and lived an exasperatingly profligate life on the far edge of poverty. Mr. FitzGibbon takes us into that long tunnel of destitution and despair that enclosed Dylan all the rest of his life. The letters begging for money are appalling, and one sympathizes with the biographer's reluctance to detail all the efforts Thomas made to squeeze funds from publishers, friends, or even mere acquaintances.

He wanted money; when the war came, he wanted personal safety; he wanted beer. He stole clothes – especially shirts – from his friends; skedaddled without paying for food and lodging that he had enjoyed; and unashamedly lived at the expense of others. And he wrote poems. The one does not excuse or even explain the other. He was personally charming and thoroughly – cruelly – irresponsible. His irresponsibility struck at his wife, whom he loved, at his children, toward whom he seems to have felt just slightly warmer than indifferent, and at the poet in himself.

After the war, the critical acclaim for his "Deaths and Entrances" made him a celebrated poet, and his readings for the BBC and later in America made him a celebrity as a performer. During his few remaining years he succumbed first to the excitement of the adulation of the crowd, then to the chore of fulfilling scandalously the scandalous expectations of that crowd, and finally to the weariness of flight that he had known from his youth, when he wrote: "Everywhere I find myself seems to be nothing but a resting place between places that become resting places between resting places themselves."

Part of the story that Mr. FitzGibbon tells comes out of his own memory. (He tends to distrust the memories of others like Kay Boyle and Augustus John if their memories don't match his Dylan, but generally he is cogent in his disagreement.) Much of the story comes

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from Dylan's letters: short scraps, long excerpts, full, rolling paragraphs. The teasing letters – teasing not the curiosity, but the expectation – thicken and enrich this book. Self-deprecatory, ebullient, wild with self-pity, or sharply objective about the charmed configuration of his words, the letters that flesh out the portrait that Mr. Fitz-Gibbon constructs suggest a larger, even more brilliant portrait to come when a volume of Thomas' correspondence is published next year. Meanwhile we can be grateful for the ones that appear in this exciting new biography.

The Life of the Mind in America

PERRY MILLER

Harcourt, Brace, $7.50

EMILE CAPOUYA

This posthumous volume presents two complete and one partial section of a work that was planned to include nine such divisions, each concerned with an important aspect of America's intellectual history between the Revolution and the Civil War. The completed essays deal with the religious revivalism of the period—the second "Great Awakening" – and with the evolution of a specifically American legal theory; the unfinished section is the introductory chapter of what was to have been Book III, devoted to technology and science. Book IV to IX were to deal with education, political theory, philosophy, theology (as distinct, presumably, from revivalist enthusiasm), "Nature," and "The Self."

It was Perry Miller's intention to preface the entire work with an essay entitled "The Sublime in America," a category that receives passing attention in the existing book, and that Miller seems to have regarded as the key to the American version of the romantic movement. That the notion was pressed into service in every department of thought and conduct from metaphysical speculation to ethics, esthetics, economics, and nationalist politics seems clear enough – indeed, the ground for that ubiquity was already plain in that *fons et origo* of ambivalent romanticism, Edmund Burke.

The category of the sublime appears to have been, in modern times, a partial rehabilitation of the idea of Divinity, so thoroughly battered by the Enlightenment as to require translation into secular language if the human mind was not to be denied its need for an inherently supernatural and other-worldy term. In our own age, when the same impulse expends itself in superstitious worship of technology, politicians, and film stars, it would have been most useful to have had Perry Miller's analysis of its nineteenth-century role.

A surprising theme emerges from Miller's study of the evangelical movement in Book I. The effect of revivalism, not always intended, but generally welcomed, was to slur denominational distinctions. The centers of resistance to revivalism, Presbyterian Princeton and Unitarian Boston, came to seem not simply reactionary but foreign, and they were in fact foreign to the developing spirit of the nineteenth century.

It was not merely hamlets in the Burned-over District of rural New York that were consumed by religious passion; businessmen in New York City organized prayer-meetings – especially fervent, it is true, in the wake of financial crises. The lessened importance of doctrine, and the increasing accomodation of faith to the needs of a commercial and industrial economy, worked together to encourage the idea of a specifically American revelation. Preachers and writers freely referred to the inhabitants of these States as the new Chosen People. And of course it is only within the memory of living men that Americans have generally ceased to regard themselves as the light of all the world.

Miller describes a similar nationalist spirit at work in the evolution of American legal theory, and especially in the controversy over the role of the English common law in American jurisprudence. Those titanic figures, Kent and Story, lived to see and to celebrate the emergence of the lawyer as the intellectual

ALDOUS HUXLEY

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leader in the United States, after a generation of intensive communion with Blackstone. Erudition was the basis for his social and professional standing, and that fact provided a powerful reason for his endorsing the usefulness of the feudal common law on American soil.

Resistance arose eventually among the followers of the Continental "civilians," jurists who looked back to Justinian and the Roman foundations of European law. Their demand was for "codification," simplification and rationalization of the law – or romantic scientism as against romantic medievalism. The proponents of the common law argued that if the Constitution gave no express warrant for the traditional system of jurisprudence it was only because the Framers assumed that its validity was a matter of course. The advocates of codification suggested that we had fought a revolution expressly to rid ourselves of the English common law. To them, Americanism demanded a legal code more amenable to science and reason. But the common-lawyers saw in their specialty the sole hope of preserving the unique American experiment.

It is at this point that Miller connects the religious and legal experience of nineteenth-century America. The lawyers on both sides of the controversy feared what the *Federalist* calls "faction," the centrifugal force of conflicting interests and sectionalism. One side hoped that by immemorial prescription, the other that by a uniform code, could be prevented – what? The Civil War. And religion too was explicitly designated the moral cement that would keep the nation from violent dissolution.

Whence came this generations-long anticipation of social collapse? Perry Miller dismisses in a paragraph what he calls the Marxist view that economics pure and simple was responsible for the war, and that the intimations of disaster could have been beforehand in economic terms. But his suggestion that economics is ever simple is scarcely Marxian. Slavery, for example, would be included by Marxists among the phenomena of economics, and all the moral, ethical, and political considerations to which slavery gives rise. In any case, though Miller nowhere specifically makes the point, it can fairly be inferred from this most valuable book that slavery was the fatal contradiction in the American polity and the American soul, filling lawyers and preachers with foreboding, impelling them to look for sublimities that would be at once American and indestructible.

The Hidden God

LUCIEN GOLDMANN

Humanities Press, $12.50

CAROL JOHNSON

Tragedy, according to Georg Lukàcs, is a game played for one spectator: God, who never intervenes either by word or deed in what the players are doing. Lucien Goldmann begins with the formulations of Lukàcs, but his study of tragic vision in the *Pensées* of Pascal and the tragedies of Racine is at once more modest and more comprehensive.

The turning point, in that crisis of collective consciousness which we still experience in attenuated forms, occurred in the seventeenth century. The definition of geometrically infinite space emphasized the disquieting silence of God; men had entered a realm ungoverned by established ethical norms. The problem of rediscovering a banished community and an altered universe, as Monsieur Goldmann construes it, is one which only dialectical thought can solve. Indeed, he demonstrates with irresistible logic that "by deliberately choosing the paradoxical position of the 'just to whom grace has been refused,' by giving up the attempt to be an angel in order to avoid becoming a beast, Pascal 'more Jansenist than the Jansenists themselves,' became the creator of dialectical thought and the first philosopher of the tragic vision."

The paradox fundamental to Pascalian thought is that God is always absent and always present: absent as a theoretical certainty, present as a practical postulate or wager. The God of Racine, of Pascal and of Kant is absent as a guarantor of grace, but rigorously present as a judge. Thus the world is deprived of all value while remaining the only reality which man can confront, the only sphere in which the demand for absolute values can be made. The tragic mind acknowledges only the absolute while confronting only the contingent, and is thus compelled both to reject the world and to live in it what Lukàcs describes as "the most exclusively terrestrial of all lives." In fact tragic man's elected absence from and presence in this world is analogous to his God's and he sees even the "world's ambiguity as clear and unambiguous."

In accepting as valid "only the reconciliation of opposites," the tragic mind resembles the dialectical. But tragedy, at least the tragedy of refusal characteristic of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, essentially a solitary dialogue, composes itself in a non-temporal world from which the future is withheld and the past excluded. This timeless present in its literary embodiment, typically imparted by the Racinian unities, is examined by Monsieur Goldmann along with the temporal conditions that contribute to its formation.

Chapters on world visions and social classes, Jansenism and the *noblesse de robe* are a part of this formidably analytic structure, for this critic shares with his contemporaries of a self-consciousness regarding method, a concern for totality which would exercise the acumen of a polymath. The versions of Jansenism are distinguished and the plays considered in their centrist or extremist tendencies. *Phèdre*—as a tragedy of the hope that men can live in the world without concessions . . . and of the recognition that the hope is doomed to disillusion—echoes the *Pensées*. The key to each is in the statement of the human value in the paradox: ethical in Racine, ethical and epistemological in Pascal. Existence, value and reality are synonymous in

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the tragic universe: "one creates the other, and the paradox which lies in a refusal of choice and a demand for total truth is, by that very fact, both value and reality."

Monsieur Goldmann himself is a master of dialectical thought—such a one as only the intellectual climate of France is disposed to foster. One of the implications to which his study draws us is that paradox, which is required by the tragic mind, can only be readily sustained so long as it remains in the realm of thought. Immersed in a world of change and succession, man is compelled to act, and in his choices to decide either/or. Tragic man's actions are based on the category of All or Nothing. "We need just as much capacity for the Nothing," says Pascal, "as for the All."

The single perspective of tragic vision: "the wager on the existence of God is a synthesis of opposites, and who makes the ambiguous existence of man into a meaningful paradox" haunts the twentieth century more like a failed myth than as a contemporary religion. Another faith, equally susceptible to the demands of tragic vision, wagers on an historical future and the human community. It, too, has been more perfectly realized in the realm of thought than of action. For his part, Monsieur Goldmann perceives therein the continuity of classical thought. Pascal and Kant are to Marxism what Plato has been to Christianity. If the "long exile" of Titus in *Bérénice* is a translation in dramatic terms of the spiritual lives held by Racine as a schoolboy at Port Royal, then Racine's tragedies, like the *Pensées*, scandalized Port Royal with its own image and constitute, doubtless, its greatest achievement . . . "This is yet another sign that we should never confuse what men want to do and what they think they are doing with what they actually achieve."

The profoundly intelligent achievement of *The Hidden God* will be, alas, subject to confusion. Its significance for contemporary thought, however, ought not to be mistaken.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 327*)

ment that Cox shows a lack of awareness of certain sociological positions which should be equated with non-secularity and an admission that the secular city if it were to develop might even be more dynamic than the milieu he has tried so hard to point out exists now and has existed for much of historic time.

Professor Novak expresses a type of philosophic caution which I have noticed runs through much of his writing; a caution that stands out starkly in face of the sanguine advocacy that surrounds his excursions into theology, ecclesiology, morality and ethics. He is the "victim" as are so many intellectuals of four hundred years of withdrawal, suspicion and belligerent defiance of the main streams of world thought by the organizational church.

Cox, as far as I can see from reading his book, is only saying that to him we are fast approaching a time when man will arrive at most of his decisions both in concert and in individual action on the basis of criteria derived from his environment and based on limited pragmatic aims and he better realize it and start to adapt his theology to this likelihood.

Of course, being a Protestant he expresses himself in the style and with the idioms of the reforming Christian. The three commentators are Catholic and each struggles with Cox's ideas not so much in the form of the proposition set out above but as members of an organizational church whose style and idioms are almost incomprehensible to anyone except an initiate. And we are treated to three degrees of involvement with that organizational structure in addition. The antipathy that is apparent between Father Greeley and Mr. Callahan springs more from the different level of involvement each has experienced in regard to the organizational church than from a great disparity in

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either objective or method.

Father Greeley's style of reply, here as elsewhere, appears to me to represent a style that will be increasingly adopted by clerical writers now that the Council is drawing to a close. It will provoke much annoyance and hostility in lay circles and understandably so. It is apparent that the "fresh air" that will be admitted to the Church will be admitted through carefully controlled louvers and mixed liberally with suitable amounts of "stale air" so that there will be no shocks to delicate belief systems. The remarks of many American bishops, which have been keyed to the Archbishop Vagnozzi position, which were the subject of an editorial in the same issue of COMMONWEAL, illustrate the bleak prospect we face.

It is a bleak prospect to those who struggled almost alone for so many years in a kind of guerrilla war within their own Church to be lumped together at the moment of victory and told that they are disloyal or intellectual snobs or worse. But that is the way of the Church; that is the price, evidentially, we pay for structural and organizational strength. In the long run nothing matters except the survival and aggrandizement of the organizational church. This is the fundamental element of the Constantinian settlement. It has been a major element of those societies that have accommodated the Western Church and paradoxically a constant source of strife, turmoil and bitterness at the same time. The present Council has done little to alter this stance. I do not expect it to change but to grow.

To read Father Greeley attack the Cox/Callahan position as one predicated upon the mass-man as opposed to the individual-man of Catholic origin, moves me to the point of laughter. Probably no organization has ever developed the mass-man with greater efficiency than the organizational church. The very essence of many of the spiritualities is to produce a man of predictable responses, limited inquiry, who is submissive to direction and wary of change. One can live his whole life in thoroughly Catholic surround-

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ings without ever coming into contact with "the resources of several strands in the Catholic tradition" that Professor Novak speaks about. Yet there is belief and comfort found by millions almost despite the absurdities and paucities of close-range Catholicism.

Personally, I believe that we are closer to the secular city than the city of dynamic equilibrium Father Greeley posits. I am struck when I go in St. Joseph's Hospital at the secularity of the style of practice, at the detachment of the staff, at the similarity of the accounts payable and at the ruthlessness of the collection practices. I can see no real difference between any two good, well-staffed general hospitals whether they are religiously oriented or not. Torts taught at Georgetown is not necessarily any different than Torts taught at Columbia. The Knights of Columbus insurance business is no different than Prudential except that the Knights might be a little stiffer on claims. The Catholic churchgoer will not eat meat on Friday but will stand in the bar and revile the Negro generally and will kick his windows in if he moves in next to him. Take any matter of current social concern, any area of professional competence, any study, technique or thought structure and examine it and you will not find any area of peculiar Catholic competence or contribution. Catholics will be present in each but their contributions will be independent of their Catholicity; they will be sociologists who happen to be Catholics, lawyers who happen to be Catholics. Even the organizational church is largely noted for its institutions, colleges, hospitals which happen to be run by Catholics like the bazaars and Bingo games are.

Harvey Cox has extended this thought and has come to the conclusion that this type of neutral secularity will be the predominant milieu of tomorrow for better or worse, but instead of fearing it he suggests that it offers Christianity a new chance to serve society; both the individual man and the community. Considering the price we have paid for Constantine's protection and the warping effect that his bargain has had, perhaps Cox is right.

PAUL A. LOCKREY

Modernity

Omaha, Neb.

To The Editors: After reading your October 8 issue we feel constrained to object strenuously to the remark made by John P. Sisk in his article, "The Citadel of Prose." We quote: "By the standards of that world, poetry—the arch enemy of the cliché and the IBM card—points to the subversive and anarchic. It excites the young to rebellion against the prose establishment."

Now really, sirs, it is obvious that poetry is the arch enemy of cliche and that it excites youth to rebellion against prose; this is only as it should be. But how can you perpetrate this slander against our friends of the world of cybernetics? Poetry the enemy of the IBM card? Absurd! It might be better to say that poetry is the *father* of the IBM card. Not only are both products of human creativity, but consider these similar elements: both make use of symbols, both scorn the redundant, both are esthetically pleasing in form, both are expressions of the time in which they are conceived, both are conveyors of truth. We are confident that deeper meditation would reveal still more likenesses between the two mediums of expression.

Thank you for listening to our attempts at synthesis.

Yours in the 20th century,

MARCIA ANLIKER

PEGGY FITZPATRICK

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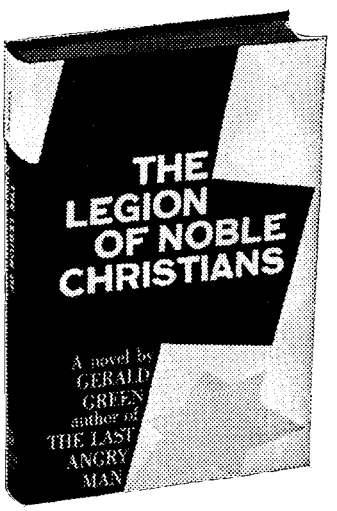
☐ *I'd mind my own business.*

☐ **I'd write letters of protest.**

☐ I'd help the secret police in my spare time and make extra money for being patriotic.



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